JUKE

· AUSTRALIA'S · MUSIC · WEEK ·

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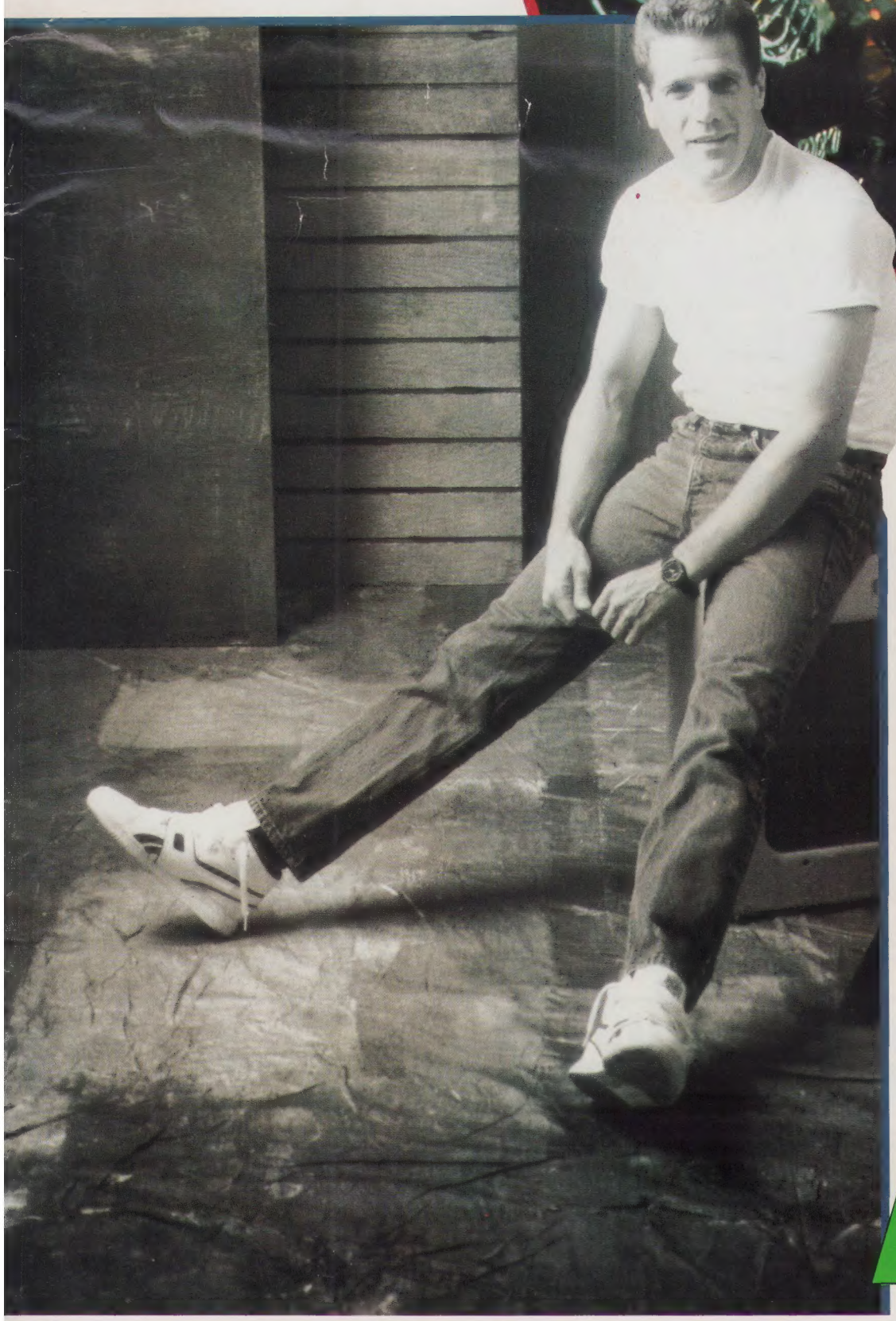
POISON
a gram of Gram Slam



GLENN FREY
takes it easy

Plus
MICHAEL JACKSON
VENETIANS
S-EXPRESS
SACRED COWBOYS
IGGY POP
TESTAMENT
DUBROVNIKS

WIN A TRIPLE-LP REGGAE PACK!

JUKE YAMAHA ROCK WINNER ANNOUNCED!

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING WAS JUST WHAT HE WAS LOOKING FOR.

Johnny BE GOOD Ⓜ

From the makers of "Revenge of the Nerds"

STARRING **Anthony Michael Hall** (From 16 Candles & The Breakfast Club)

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VILLAGE GREENSBOROUGH — THE CIRCUIT. 434 4344
HOYTS 8 CHADSTONE — SHOPPING CENTRE 563 1988
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...AND ALSO SHOWING AT THESE VILLAGE HOYTS DRIVE-INS...

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VILLAGE COBURG — NEWLANDS ROAD
HOYTS OAKLEIGH — OLD DANDENONG ROAD

IT'S ONLY BACH 'N' WAGNER... BUT I LIKE IT!

• Miles Davis' Melbourne show featured an 8 piece chamber orchestra as support . . . 4 pieces in the upstairs foyer, 4 downstairs!

The trend has swung towards international touring bands using classical support acts. Are Oz rock bands suffering as a consequence? Robbie Coates reports . . .

Are Australian bands getting ripped-off?

The recent swing towards the use of classical musicians as opening act for touring international rock artists, seems to be causing considerable Concern among various sectors of the rock industry.

It appears that Australian rock bands are often being overlooked and classical players booked instead — even when the main act is a rock band.

Both Sting & Mick Jagger are planning to use classical musicians to open their shows here, later in the year.

But why? To get a clearer picture it is necessary to explore a Musicians Union-enforced policy (enacted in collaboration with the Department of Immigration and Actors' Equity) which states that the number of musicians in the visiting headline act, must be matched, on a one-for-one basis, by *Australian* musicians — usually playing in a support-band capacity.

In the past, a band — thought to be on a similar musical par to the main act and with the same number of members — was chosen.

Recently however, a number of major touring acts have been using small chamber orchestras, string ensembles or no band at all, as "support".

As a consequence, Australian rock musos are being excluded from one of their best avenues of exposure to large audiences.

CAUSES

One of the causes behind the problem is the Musicians Union's soft line towards visiting artists' demands. They allow the artist to dictate what type of support act they would like . . . even if it is irrelevant to the style of music being performed by the headline band.

By the same token, it is difficult for the Union to take a stand, because they're doing their job by employing *Australian* musicians — even if they're not *rock* musicians.

Secretary of the Melbourne branch of the Musicians Union, Tony Todd, explains:

"By employing Australian classical musicians to support touring acts, bookers are not contravening policy, because at least *Australian* musicians are getting the work.

"We have had some problems with various bands being forced to play in the venue's foyer or provided with inadequate space on stage. For the Miles Davis show for instance, an eight-piece chamber orchestra was booked. They were later split in two, with one half downstairs! This is a classic case of major acts mismatching the support act, to suit their own ends. In this case the band's crew said there was no room for a support act as there was a 'special set and no room on stage'. I went down there and found there was enough room — even with Miles' equipment set up — to play a VFL grand final on that stage!

"There have been cases of bands being booked and paid not playing and lots of stories of supports bands being mismatched. I personally believe that there is a problem when a jazz player comes to Melbourne — a city which is full of talented jazz bands and musicians — and a *chamber* group is booked! I agree that the support act should be of a similar style, but what can be done when no policy is being breached?"

Todd said he'd like to hear from any musicians that may be concerned about the problem, with an eye to finding a solution should the trend continue.

"WORRY"

Frank Stivala, from Melbourne's biggest booking agency, Premier, said that the fact that bands were missing out on vital exposure to large audiences "was a worry".

"Luckily it isn't too prevalent at this point . . . but I could see it becoming quite dangerous if it continues. As far as I know, the Union doesn't care what type of band is supporting, as long as they're a member".

A spokesperson from a major Melbourne promoter said that it was always her company's aim to support local Australian bands as much as possible, but in a lot of cases it wasn't possible:

"Quite often it's not our decision — the artist stipulates what type of support act they want. Quite often they don't want a band at all. In this case — to adhere to the Union policy — we are obliged to book an alternative type of act, ie an orchestra, or chamber group".

With Sting & Jagger continuing the trend set recently here by acts like Michael Jackson, Miles Davis and others, let's hope that local rock bands don't miss out on one of their last avenues for decent live exposure.

RUN, ERIC B. & RAKIM IN NOVEMBER

Two of America's hottest live rap acts, Run DMC and Eric B. & Rakim, will be in Australia for a short weekend of dates in November.

At this stage it appears that the bands will play one date in Melbourne and Sydney, during the weekend of November 11, before leaving the country to continue their world tour.

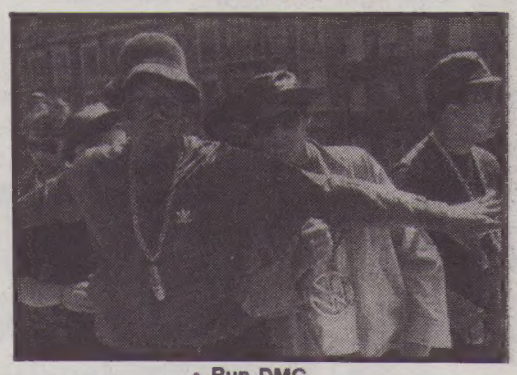
Opening for the two acts will be another well known US rapper and disco mixer, Davey D.

• Eric B & Rakim

Both Run DMC and Eric B. & Rakimn have new albums coming out soon and the latter also appears on the soundtrack to US film *Colors* — which looks at gang violence in the streets of LA.

This is the first time a major hip-hop act has toured to Australia and you can't get much more major than Run DMC, whose first LP sold over 4 million copies worldwide and pull stadium-size crowds to gigs in the US.

Full dates and venues as they come to hand.



• Run DMC

Pulse

BUNNYMEN SPLIT?

Echo & The Bunnymen appear to have split up, although an official statement has yet to be made — and Ian McCulloch isn't saying one way or the other.

"What time is it now? I'm in the band until at least half past five," was Mac's response to questioning.

"Jacked it in, eh? Now there's a thought, I don't know what's happened. Can you call me back when you find out for sure?

"We've all left each other about ten times each, so maybe this is the big one. I'm not saying any more than that. We've all got our own plans and that's that, really."

We understand that Les Pattinson has hung up his bass for good and wants to concentrate on his boat building business in Southport.

A spokesman for the group's management could neither confirm or deny the split, and there was a similar response from their press agent.

But WEA chief in England, Rob Dickens, who originally signed the group, was slightly more forthcoming but chose his words carefully.

"They've been together for ten years, they need a bit of a breather," he said.

"I have a feeling that they may come back after a long lay-off but in a different form with different people. Mac and Will Sargeant are very much the creative force and I think they will stick together.

"However, should Mac go off and do something on his own in the next few months, there is a danger that there will be a permanent split."

INXS OZ TOUR GEARS UP

INXS' national tour looks like taking place in October and November. Dates and venues are expected to be announced in the next two weeks.

The tour coincides with the release of "Never Tear Us Apart" the fourth single to be lifted off *Kick*.

Kick has sold five million worldwide. The band has just got into the US Top 5 for the third time this year with "New Sensation."

The huge popularity of the band in the States is confirmed by the facto they re the leaders of the pack of MTV award nominees for the year.

INXS have been nominated for a whopping EIGHT awards.

That s more than George Harrison (seven nominations) U2 (six) Prince (four) and Bruce Springsteen (four).

INXS' nominations are for Best Video ("Need You Tonight"/Meditate") Best Concept Video, Best Group Video and Breakthrough Video.

INXS have not toured through Australia for almost two years.

BEASTIE BOYS: "NO SPLIT"

The Beastie Boys have not split up, and have lashed Def Jam supremo Rick Rubin for spreading bogus reports about their demise.

The group are currently in dispute with the label over their contract, but are determined to have a single out later in the summer with an album to follow by Christmas.

"Rick found out that we were approaching other record labels," explained Adam Yauch, aka MCA.

"He figured the best way to throw a monkey wrench into the works was to say that the band was about to break up, or had broken up," alleged Yauch.

BARBED WIRES

Edited by **CHRISTIE ELIEZER**

Aside from the speculation that **Echo & The Bunnymen** have gone kaputski, there are rumours in England that **The Smiths** might reform with **Morrissey** and **Johnny Marr** getting new musicians behind them (remembering that Marr just weeks ago officially announced himself as a new **Pretender**), and **Microdisney** have announced they've gone *klunk!* following internal problems.

• How true the rumours that **Jimmy Barnes** will release a live LP later in the year?

• As mentioned in this column, **Billy Bragg** scored **Weddings Parties Anything** some dates in America and England. It seems **The Pogues** (ironically, the outfit WPA are often compared to) have also expressed a liking for the Aussies and given them some English shows.

Incidentally, on their last trip over, The Pogues and WPA were supposed to get together for a drink . . . but the Poms didn't front. Jealousy? Forgot their way? Couldn't be bothered?

"The FA Cup final was on and they all stayed home," explains **Mike Thomas**. "But that's OK, I do the same on the day of the VFL Grand Final."

WPA are currently on their run of farewell dates. They do their final lot of Melbourne shows this week, and wind up on August 20 at the Dee Why Hotel in Sydney.

• When **Blue Mercedes** played a charity show in Dubai (Arabia) the grateful promoters made a present of two camels. When the Mercs explained they couldn't get it through Brit customs, the present was changed to a "fat bag of gold".

• **Rolo** of **The Woodentops** is fighting madly with his record company: HE wants to go and live in Japan, THEY'RE telling him to shaddap and stay put in London.

• After their current round of Oz dates, **James Reyne** and band off for dates in Germany where "Fall Of Rome" is getting heavy airplay.

• **Jenny Morris** to be a mother any day now . . .

• **For the trivia buffs:** as you probably know by now, the next **David Bowie** movie, *The Delinquents*, is based on Australian youth culture of the '50s.

But didja know it's based on the 1962 novel of the same name, penned by the late **Criena Rohan**, who was the aunt of tennis champ **Pat Cash**.

• **Billy Idol** previewed his new band in an unannounced club show in Los Angeles. They included guitarist **Mark Younger-Smith**, bassist **Phil Soussan** and producer **Keith Forsey** "filling in" on drums until Idol finds the "animal drummer" he's looking for.

The band did five songs, including a cover of "LA Woman".

• **Taking The Michael Pt 1: George Michael** received 1.5 million get well card after his June 29 throat operation.

• **Taking The Michael Pt 2:** in America, old GM has written, produced and performed *six* No. 1 hits — more than any other act in the '80s. **Daryl Hall** and **Lionel Richie** have written, produced and performed five chart-toppers this decade.

• **Taking The Michael Pt 3: George Michael** denies he's giving up touring, as has been reported elsewhere, just that he won't do such huge tours again.

He says he quite enjoyed his recent tour, that he was more nervous in Australia than Japan because the crowds in Tokyo "just scream, they don't necessarily know what's going up on the stage", that it was heartfelt to hear 10,000 people sing happy birthday to his father **Jack** during one of the Oz shows, and that the worst show was in Rotterdam when some idiot decided to wax the stage to make it look nice, which resulted in **Mr Twinkle Toes** sliding all over the place, falling over a couple of times and almost breaking his neck once!

• Will **The Triffids** record their next LP in Australia this time?

• **Died Pretty** are back off to Europe and US. In October, they'll be appearing in Paris at the Australian Music Festival. The other names aren't locked in, but names being bandied around are **Noiseworks**, **Big Pig**, **Mental As Anything**, **The Triffids** and the **Hoodoo Gurus**.

• **Dr Robert** of the **Blow Monkeys** has just failed his car driver's test in London . . . again! This after he shelled out big bucks for a classic Rover coupe.

• **Michael Jackson** has announced he'll donate all proceeds from his October 24 concert in Detroit to the Motown Museum Historic Foundation, based on the site of the original offices and studio of Motown. Jacko was nine years old when he started recording there.

Motown is very important because in the '60s it became the first black-owned company. Aside from this significant step, it brought to the fore such giant names as **Stevie Wonder**, **The Supremes**, **Marvin Gay**, **Jackson 5**, etc. In the mid-70s, Motown moved from Detroit to Los Angeles.

• **Steve Winwood** next month undertakes his first tour of Britain for five years.

• Were you surprised that **Cry Freedom** was ultimately refused screening in South Africa?

Just weeks ago, South African white crackpots were trying to get cartoon characters like **Tom & Jerry** and **Tweetie-Pie** banned, citing them as corrupting the youth of their country. Also tagged was **Bill Cosby**, who was attackd by the neo-Nazi conservative party as a "vicious Communist" who brings "the message of Marxism" into the homes of decent Afrikaaners via his high rating TV show.

You think this is madness? These idiots banned the book *Black Beauty* because of its title. True!

• The **U2** album, still due out in October, now looks as though it won't be a double set after all.

Apparently the band are running out of time. They are eager to bring the LP out to coincide with the overseas release of their *Rattle And Hum* flick but have only recorded enough for three sides. Hence, one LP is being scrapped.

• **REM** are set to join the Amnesty International 'Human Rights Now' world tour — but only for the tour's two US dates in Philadelphia and LA and very keen to do South America.

• **Ad Me A Good Time**: British grebos **Pop Will Eat Itself** have been forced to record a new version of their single "Def Con One" because the song has reference to "Big Macs" and British radio refuses to play it because it constitutes free advertising. A number of bands have in the past been forced to do this, including **The Kinks** whose line in "Lola" was changed from the original *"in a club in North Soho where you drink champagne which tastes like Coca-Cola"* to *"cherry cola"*.

Meantime, MTV in America have refused to play **Neil Young's** video for "THis Note's For You" which hits out at megastars like **Michael Jackson**, **Whitney Houston**, **Glenn Frey**, etc. who endorse soft drinks. In the video, lookalikes of these stars are used: there's one great scene where the Michael Jackson lookalike singing for Pepsi has his hair caught on fire, and the Whitney lookalike saves him by dousing his hair with her product, Coke.

Neil Young has lashed out at MTV (see full report in 'Pulse') and Glenn Frey takes a hysterical potshot at Young in *his* interview on page 10.

• With NZ band **Chills'** leader **Martin Phillips** cleared in a Kiwi court of a charge of dope smoking, the band can now get on with its long-delayed US tour.

Over in Cologne, in the midst of soccer violence by British thugs, fellow NZ outfit **The Bats** were detained by cops outside the city. The wallopers took one look at their tour bus and noted the similarity to the ones used by the Poms: they went for a thorough inspection of the van. Hmmm, if they'd done a thorough insepction of bassist **Kaye Woodword**, they'd have seen she was pregnant and hence not about to go on the terraces with a half brick in one pocket and a bicycle chain in the other.

• In Sydney, the Commercial Hotel in Balmain is trying to give exposure to new bands by organising a Young Band Competition every Friday night.

If interested, fing **Wendy** on (02) 555 1529.

• Give a thought for the poor folk at tour promoters Paul Dainty's, who're bringing out **Mick Jagger**. Old Lubber Lips is bringing no less than 90 people with him, and none of the hotels have that much room. Dainty's organisers are crossing their fingers waiting for cancellations. Earlier this year they handled **Pink Floyd** who came with an entourage of 120.

• **Andrew Pendlebury's** second solo set *Tiger Land* due out over the next few weeks.

• **Hair fashions: Paul Weller's** dyed his bright blonde, **The Cult's Billy Duffy's** hair now hanging down to his waist.

• **Jerry Dammers**, who helped organise the **Nelson Mandela** show in London says that the show had great impact — in South Africa, newspapers reported the concert with trembling headlines like *Mandela Mania Sweeps The World* which shook up the authorities while in Britain, the show made the ordinary citizens so aware of the jailed leader that a poll undertaken by the Anti-Apartheid Movement showed that an astonishing 93% of people said they'd heard or knew of him, whereas the percentage was only about 32% in a similar poll done five years ago.

Dammers reveals the show was to have been held last year to commemorate Mandela's 25th year in prison but that he ran out of organising time. His biggest selling point, he said were **Simple Minds** who told him that they'd play the show whenever and wherever it was held. When the other big acts heard of the Minds' firm involvement, they too agreed to get on.

• Melbourne's dance outfit **Urban Principle** report that the people at TV production house Grundy's (they have *Neighbours* and *Richmond Hill*, among others) are so impressed with their music that they've pledged to use their material on future episodes.

• **New Order's Peter Hook** spotted at a London club dancing to **Kylie Minogue's** new record!

The band's just returned from a holiday in Ibiza where they raised quite a few eyebrows running nude on the beaches, crashing several hire cars, getting stuck in ditches, knocking down fences, stealing traffic cones and playing table tennis at $100 a time.

• Four people were arrested after **Ozzy Osbourne** fans went on a rampage in Nottingham, in England. Ozzy'd been told he had to blow out his show there because of throat problems . . . the announcement was made just half an hour before Ozzy was to hit the stage. This naturally went down a storm with the full house, which showed its displeasure by brawling, smashing windows and wrecking fruit machines (maybe the crowd thought Ozzy was hiding in there?)

• **Ike Turner** has been jailed for a year in LA for being dumb enough to be busted for cocaine possession while being on a five year probation on an earlier drug charge. Police took an interest in Ike when he was spotted driving all over the road and pulled him over to give him a breathaliser . . . and discovered the white powder in the car.

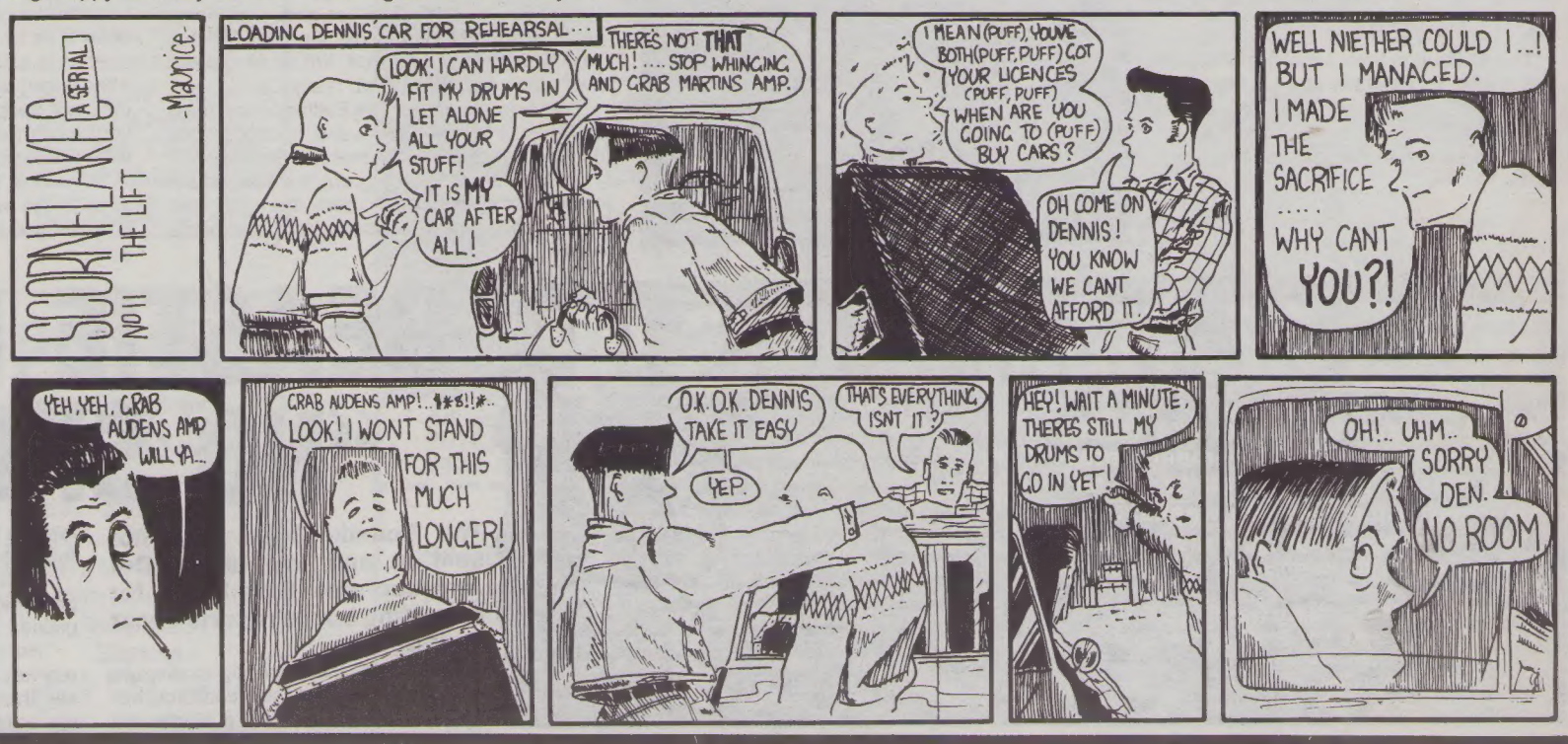
Meantime, **Robert** and **Chico** of the **Debarge** family have been indicted on drug charges by a Michigan grand jury. They two were nabbed sneaking in more than two pounds of the stuff into Michigan. The embarrassing thing was that Chico had been asked by the LA police to appear on an anti-drug telethon titled *Sane Kids Say No.*

• More than $26,000 was raised for the family of ex-**Perfect Strangers** singer **Andy Clayton Smith** who died in Perth from cancer recently. More than 1500 people crammed the Herdsman Hotel for the benefit.

Meantime visiting British comedian **Ben Elton** joined the Perth bands referred to in the last edition for a benefit for the late drummer **Peter Vincent**.

Hmm, can't imagine why we'd be putting in this picture of guitarist Lita Ford donating one of her axes to the Hard Rock Cafe in New York.

During the anti-racism show in Paris headlined by Ziggy Marley & The Melody Makers, who should suddenly turn up unexpectedly for a quick set was Bruce Springsteen, in town as part of his "Tunnel Of Love" tour. Bruce apparently was quite excited about meeting Bob's son.


SCORNFLAKES
A SERIAL
No 11 THE LIFT
-Maurice-
LOADING DENNIS' CAR FOR REHEARSAL···
LOOK! I CAN HARDLY FIT MY DRUMS IN LET ALONE ALL YOUR STUFF! IT IS MY CAR AFTER ALL!
THERE'S NOT THAT MUCH! .... STOP WHINGING AND GRAB MARTINS AMP.
I MEAN (PUFF), YOU'VE BOTH (PUFF, PUFF) GOT YOUR LICENCES (PUFF, PUFF) WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO (PUFF) BUY CARS?
OH COME ON DENNIS! YOU KNOW WE CANT AFFORD IT.
WELL NIETHER COULD I...! BUT I MANAGED. I MADE THE SACRIFICE ..... WHY CANT YOU?!
YEH, YEH. GRAB AUDENS AMP WILL YA...
GRAB AUDENS AMP!..!**!!..
LOOK! I WONT STAND FOR THIS MUCH LONGER!
O.K. O.K. DENNIS TAKE IT EASY
YEP.
THAT'S EVERYTHING ISN'T IT?
HEY! WAIT A MINUTE, THERES STILL MY DRUMS TO GO IN YET!
OH!.. UHM.. SORRY DEN. NO ROOM

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NEIL YOUNG HITS SOUR NOTE

Neil Young is embroiled in a battle with MTV in America over the video for his latest single, "This Note's For You".

The video, directed by Julien Temple, lampoons rock performers who promote soft drinks and beer and MTV has refused to play it because they say it's offensive.

Their action has prompted Young to write them a letter in which he accuses them of being "spineless".

The video features lookalikes for Michael Jackson, Whitney Houston, Joe Piscopo and the dog Spuds MacKenzie, and is styled after a commercial for Michelob, made by Eric Clapton.

In it, Young leaves a concert, walks down a street and goes into a bar. Instead of ordering a beer, Young picks up a guitar and plays "This Note's For You".

The scenario includes a video within a video, showing Michael Jackson singing for Pepsi until his hair catches fire after he punches his hand through a spotlight. Whitney Houston is pictured putting out the fire . . . . with Coke!

MTV acknowledges that the clip is amusing and well made, but said the decision was made not to air it because it contravenes their standards and practices policy.

MTV has also handed the clip over to its lawyers, for advice on whether the video infringes trademarks by using Pepsi and Coke, and by impersonating other music personalities.

Young is livid. "They've shown they have no backbone," he says. "They're afraid their advertisers will be upset by it. There was a time when you could count on MTV to take chances, but I guess that's all over now.

"I've asked them in my letter what the 'M' in MTV stands for — music or money?"

Julien Temple, who co-wrote the video as well as directing it, says MTV is worried about biting the hand that feeds it.

"The clip is amusing," Temple says, "but it does have its serious side, too. It's sad they won't allow it to be screened on MTV."

— DULCIE JEAN

PAUL KELLY OFF AGAIN

Paul Kelly & The Coloured Girls will be out of Australia for the rest of the year as they tour across the US and Europe and record a new album.

Kelly told Juke last week he would be touring in the US in September. The tour, he said, would be less extensive than last year's jaunt and include shows in San Francisco, Los Angeles, Boston, Washington, Chicago and New York. Kelly added he and the band would then tour in Europe through October before returning to the US to record the follow-up to this year's *Under The Sun* platter.

Kelly said he would record in Memphis, Tennessee, in November and December with producer Scott Litt, recently behind the controls for Patti Smith's album and also a working associate with REM. Litt produced REM's *Document* album.

"I wanted to record in the US but I didn't want to record in Los Angeles where the record company is," Kelly said. "But I wanted to record in the US because we're signed to a record company there and there is a certain amount of frustration involved because we're so far away. And also I wanted to be in one place for a couple of months rather than a day or two at a time.

"Los Angeles and New York are too expensive and, after talking to Scott, we decided to go south, get a house, live cheaply, all stay there a couple of months and have a really good studio at good prices."

Kelly said he would return to Sydney in February, 1989, take a break and release the album in February or March. Kelly said the musical direction of the next album, as yet untitled, will be a "bit more doo-wop".

Lyrically, Kelly said some of the songs will be female oriented. "I'm going to sing them but the characters are women so there will be different voices like that," Kelly said. "Mostly it's about men and women. . . love songs. That's what I'm best at writing. I find it an endless subject, something which can be written about endlessly. I don't find it trite or I don't think everything's been said about it."

Meanwhile, Kelly's last album, *Gossip,* has just been released in the US and features the single "Dumb Things" Kelly said the song "seemed to be gathering speed on the charts and on the way up."

— SCOTT HOWLETT

JESUS AND MARY CHAIN NEXT MONTH

Hip UK art/noise band Jesus and Mary Chain will be playing national dates in September.

At the moment, one date has been announced in all major cities and more dates may be added, depending upon demand.

Melbourne promoter, Vivian Leigh, saw the band during a recent trip to Europe and said they were one of the few acts he'd seen that really impressed him.

They're a great little band, who can really cut it live", he said last week. "I don't think that Australian punters will be disappointed".

Sydney's Died Pretty will support J&MC on the national tour.

Dates so far announced:

September 9 — Canterbury Court, Perth.
September 12 — Enomore Theatre, Sydney.
September 15 — East Leagues Club, Brisbane.
September 19 — The Metro, Melbourne.
September 21 — Le Rox, Adelaide.

JANZ WIN THE BIG FINAL!

Melbourne band Janz have won the Australian final of Juke/Yamaha Rock '88.

Janz won the judges' favour after presenting a stunning performance in front of a capacity crowd at Melbourne's Billboard nightclub, last Wednesday night.

Another Melbourne band, Man Friday, won our own *Juke* "Special Commendation" award.

In what can only be described as a complete success, the Australian Final of Juke/Yamaha Rock '88 featured guest appearances by Iva Davies, Jimmy Barnes, MTV's Richard Wilkins, whilst Daryl Somers took the reins as Master of Ceremony.

The winning band was announced at the end of the night by Yamaha's Marketing Services Manager, David Baker, after creditable performances by the five finalists: Man Friday, Blue 31, Janz, Taboo and Hunter's Moon.

Mr Baker presented Janz frontman, David Janz, with a cheque for $5000 and announced other prizes which include: $5000 worth of Yamaha equipment, a professionally produced digital demo recording at Melbourne's Metropolis Audio —to the value of $5000; an all-expenses-paid trip to the Asia/Oceana Semi-Final in Hong Kong on September 3 and if successful there, an all-expenses-paid trip to participate in the ultimate showcase, the International Final in Tokyo on October 30.

Next week we'll be featuring a full pictorial coverage of Juke/Yamaha Rock '88.

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Bret Michaels lives in an elegant two-bedroom apartment just around the corner from Universal Studios. One of the rooms has been converted to his office. Life sized pictures of Elvis Presley and James Dean stare down from the walls at the guests seated in any of the grey sofas in the living room.

A life sized poster of the unsmiling Clint Eastwood covers the entrance closet, and Marilyn Monroe keeps an eye on the office. Gold and platinum records hang in the living room; Bret sips a Diet Coke and talks about how worried he is by the band's image.

He's become so paranoid that people dismiss Poison as a bunch of pretty boys with no talent whatsoever.

"We went to Phoenix and played a show in our underwear" he recounts nonchalantly. "We had no special effects or anything — we just put on a great rock and roll show. It's what's inside that counts."

Even after two smash hit albums *Look What The Cat Dragged In* and *Open Up and Say . . Aaah!* Bret is still trying to convince everybody that the music counts.

"We get misunderstood a lot. Some bands create hype and then get there. But we happened first and then came the hype. We did it the other way round."

People so immersed in the band's glam forget that Poison's first LP was something of a hard rock watershed. The raw-sounding slapped together record was a major feature of the rise of Heavy Rock over the past two yeas, coming well before the huge HR sellers like Jovi's *Slippery When Wet* and Def Leppard's *Hysteria.*

"When we made that album, record companies weren't signing rock and roll bands. The success of us and Cinderella helped cut a path for bands like Bon Jovi, and that makes you feel good."

1988 has been Poison's year. Not only did *Open Up* reach No 2 in the US but it's gone Top 10 in Australia. it's become so big and so quickly that Bret admits that he has to keep pinching himself.

"It's hard to believe y'know. Like, reaching No. 2 is scary in a way because when you're at No 2, you've only got one spot to go and then you can only go down.

"But if you could see the bars we used to play in and the stuff they used to throw at us . . . people say 'hey Bret, howcum you move so well'. It's because of all the practice I got dodging balls and shit!"

When Poison first got on the road, they were the arrogant young turks, hungry for success and willing to push over anybody who stood in their way.

In those days, they wrote songs like "I Want Action" and "Talk Dirty".

But in the last three years, Bret says he's changed as a person, and Poison's music has reflected those changes.

Although he's still a party-man, he's not the affable 24-hour drunk he used to be. He's cut back on the drinking, kissed drugs goodbye and works out with a personal trainer. It was not without its problems: he had to spend a few weeks in a dry clinic to learn to control his excesses.

"Part of the problem is that I got caught into what people *expect* a rock star to act like. I know what they expect, because I was a Kiss fan, and I used to buy everything they

said. I met Paul Stanley once and told him 'you really bullshitted to me' because he gave the illusion that Kiss drove big cars, stayed in these huge houses, were perpetually high on something or other.

"So I used to try and be like that too. But the thing is, you soon learn that you can't survive.

"Besides, it's really *boring!* When we first toured around America, it was party, party, party every night, and it was really cool to tell journalists 'hey, I've been drunk every night this tour'. But then you think — 'Yeah, but when you get drunk, you get tired which means you're not 100% up to it when you get out there onstage'. If I paid $20 or $30 to see a band and the motherf...ing singer was too tired to do anything, I'd be pissed off too."

Hence, the more mature moments on *Open Up,* including a wonderful rock ballad called "Fallen Angel" and even an acoustic tune "Every Rose Has Its Thorn".

One On One Studios used to be a suburban department store in North Hollywood. It's been turned into a recording studio where Motley Crue, Whitesnake, Metallica and Kiss have raised mayhem.

It's definitely sleazy. To get in, you have to edge yourself through various cars in the parking lot and down an alleyway. When you walked through the back door, the chimes played "Home On The Range". It is tacky as hell.

Inside, a huge antique pool table and a half stocked bar seemed to be the only visible

> "We get misunderstood a lot. Some bands create hype and then get there. But we happened first and the came the hype."

signs of recreation. Oh, that, and the porno video that was flickering from an overhead TV screen, its sound turned down.

Come at 10pm, they suggested, to listen to some new recording. This was back in March, as they were midway through the LP with producer Tom Werman.

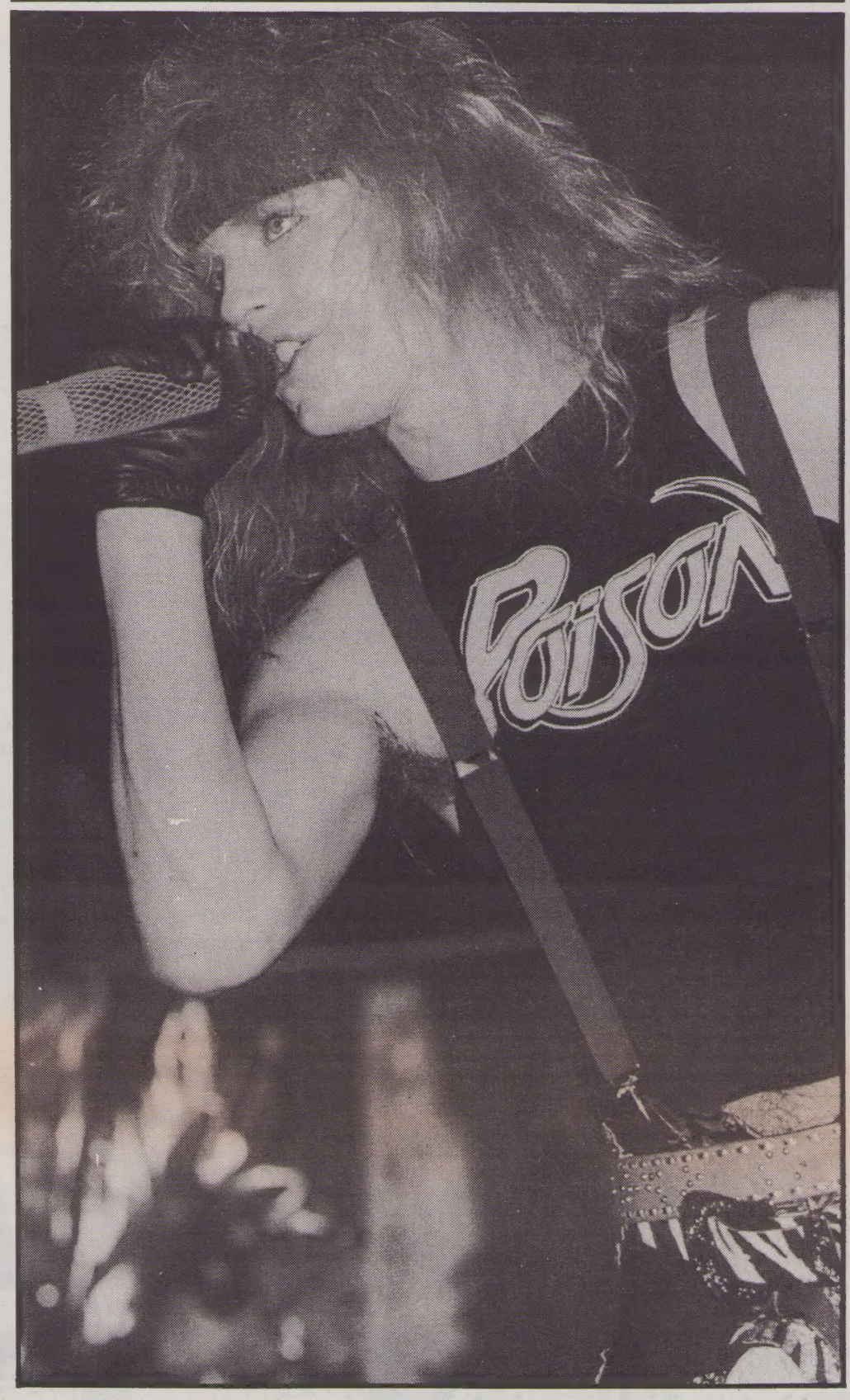
Yet it'd be 11.15 before they showed. Bassist Bobby Dall, in white tank top, black slacks and a fading pair of snakeskin boots was the first to arrive.

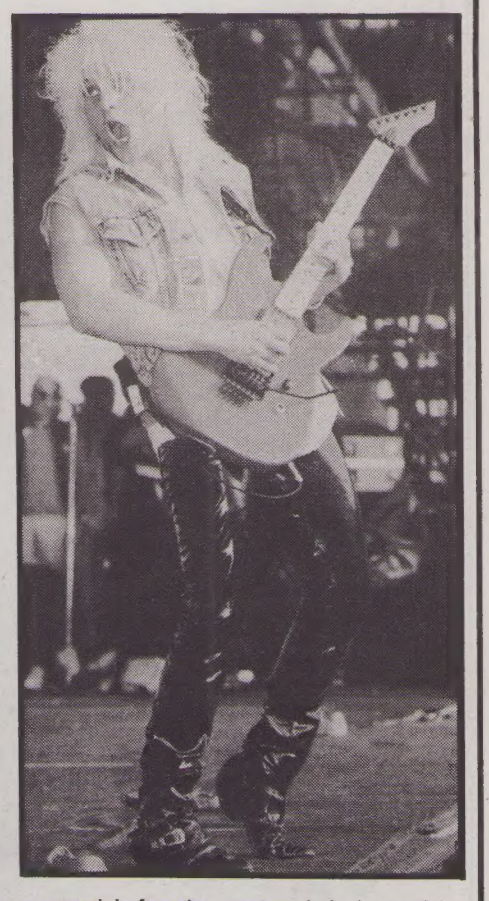
"I've just woken up!" he yawned. He'd been to a party the night before and slept all day . . . must have been some do!

HARMFUL IF SWALLOWED:

Poison take their medicine into the Top 10!

By Ray Telford and Steve Mascord





Fifteen minutes later, Bret walked in, looking just as much a mess but for different reasons.

He was in a sleeveless black Harley Davidson T-shirt, and his ankle was heavily bandaged. Two days before, while riding his bike, he'd hit an oil patch and crashed. The motorbike was completely written off, Bret announced with a grin.

How was recording going so far?

"We're a lot more casual about this. The first LP was like your first f..., really: you were really excited about it, and no matter how sloppy it was, you never forget it.

"With this one we're kinda waiting to see what happens, to see how it turns out. We're determined to make it happen."

Minutes later, guitarist CC DeVille and producer Tom Warman walked in, and everybody moved into the console room to hear the half finished tracks. (Drummer Rikki Rockett had finished his part ages before, so wasn't coming down).

Judging from the tracks, as far back then, it was obvious that *Open Up* was going to be a smash. "Love On The Rocks" came blasting out of the speakers. CC had yet to put down the guitar lines but the track still sounded a monster, remeniscent to Aerosmith and early Kiss.

"Just yer basic f...ing and sucking song" Bret smirked, his hands beating a rhythm out on his lap, his blonde hair flailing.

This was followed by another hard rocker called "Back To The Rocking Horse". A couple of other journalists there, representing American rock magazines, were beaming broadly, digging it all.

This really was exciting heavy rock and roll!

They played some more tracks, and then the band member split. Bret went home to sleep, CC went off upstairs to talk to friends and Bobby tried his luck on the pinball machine.

Werman was left with the group of writers, to explain to them that on this LP he'd encouraged them to work on choruses and arrangements, to make the songs thicker and more dynamic.

Werman enjoys Poison, he likes their party-time spirit, and says they make him laugh all the time.

He thinks it's funny, too, that they insisted

on a few meetings to check him out before they agreed to let him produce the LP.

"They were rather shell-shocked from their first producer, so they met with me two or three times before they decided I wasn't freaky or unstable."

Rikki Rockett comes from a musical background. His father was a professional trumpet player, his mother a one-time member of Radio City Musical Hall's Rockettes in New York..

He has a special clause in his contract: every time he plays, he has to be supplied with a carton of cigarettes, sunglasses and Aqua Net hairspray.

When Poison went on the road some months back with the Dave Lee Roth Band, Rikki exhibited his new drum kit, which he fondly calls his Robodrums. It has special effects created by a guy called Mark Williams who works in movies, and a face drawn by another or Rikki's friends.

Like the others, Rikki lives in an exquisitely decorated apartment and is extremely hospitable. Often during interviews, he's been known to jump up and make the journalist a snack — not something simple like an omlette or sandwiches, but elaborate like sweet and sour chicken.

"I learned to cook from when we started to live together, in the same house", he talked about the early days.

"I learned a lot of tips off Bobby, 'cos he used work in a Greek restaurant. Bret and CC used to work in fast food places once, too, so when you got four guys living together, then you learn to cook quick, or else you get dumped with doing the dishes every night!"

Rikki is quietly excited about how Tom's production has pushed the band forward, how to try different rhythms, how to move forward while still being a band which could reproduce their record live onstage.

Rikki has very strong ideas of what Poison are about and what their fans think of them. If there's one song which sums it all up, he ventures, it's "Nothing But A Good Time", his favorite off the LP.

"It's a working class song . . . and we're a working class band" he says firmly.

"No matter how big a star you become in rock and roll, no matter how much you dress, you remain a blue collar rock star. We're not people who go out and have champagne and caviar for dinner every night.

"Poison are like some factory guy who wins the Lotto. Like, he's got all the money he wants, he's found his dream, but when he gets home tonight, he's still gonna be reaching into the fridge for a beer.

"Our fans are working class or lower middle class. They are people who work hard for what they achieve, and they reserve the right to get out there and let their hair down. The song is a celebration of such people.

"Maybe to a lot of people, it sounds a shallow and superficial way of life, seeing nothing more important than having a good time. But to someone who works very hard through the week just to survive, the weekend is the time to let go. We appreciate how important that is, and Poison write about every day experiences, no matter how trivial they might sound to an outsider."

As a kid, CC Deville remembers, he always wanted to be a star. He saw Kiss' exciting stage act on television once, and remembers being absolutely enthralled with the notion of becoming a rock star.

Now that he's one, he smirks, he gets uncomfortable with the notion.

"Do you know when it all sank into me? At Texas Jamm. I looked around the stage and suddenly Paul Stanley was walking on to play with us. That's when it dawned on me — holy f..., Paul Stanley, my idol, was playing with me, acknowledging that I was something.

"To me, Poison could have broken up the next day, and it wouldn't have mattered. I'd done good."

So what was dinner with Morgan Fairchild like?

"Great! Nobody could tell us apart!"

CC Deville speaks very quickly, his fingers drumming impatiently on the table, he's never still. He believes it's no use sitting around waiting for things to happen, that you have to go out and do it for yourself or make things happen.

"When I first moved to LA, I thought to myself 'good things come to those who wait' so I got a job at the Moustache Club waiting tables, but nothing happened, nothing came. I got off my ass and helped get Poison together, and everything changed.

"I knew we'd be a success right away, because we were doing the right thing at the right time."

What's his definition of success?

"People think it's got to do with money or popularity, but that's how you measure it. Real success is getting up in the morning, looking at yourself in the mirror when you're shaving and thinking 'I'm happy doing what I do'.

"All this didn't fall into our laps. We worked hard, travelling around for three years without a record, in freezing vans and playing awful clubs. It pisses me off when people look at the makeup and think we've got no talent or just a flash in the pan.

"Because we do have talent, if we didn't we wouldn't have gone through the hard times. We'll stand the test of time 'cos we've got tons of personality and tons of heart. We say something in our music."

"You don't know anything about us until you've seen us live!" Bret Michaels is on the phone talking to Australia.

There's some talk they'll be touring here in summer. Judging from the video clip for "Nothin' But A Good Time" they put on an elaborate eye-catching show complete with flashing lights, fireworks, louder-than-loud clothes. Poison are after all a band that rely on excess rather than invention. They wear more makeup than anybody else, which means they look like everybody else but just a bit better. They sound like everybody rather than anybody in particular.

In fact this year Poison have been hit with a number of lawsuits from bands in America

"Our fans are working class or lower middle class — they work hard for what they achieve and they reserve the right to let their hair down."

and Europe who claim they ripped their songs from their records.

"It's like, when we first released this album, no one gave a f... Now, after its success, the same people who were heaping shit on it, are claiming we copied it from them.

"It's just ridiculous. There's more litigation in the city of Los Angeles than the rest of the world combined."

So what goes on backstage after a show?

"We're a band that has an image of hellraising and partying and I reckon when you go backstage to meet your favorite band after a show, it should be fun and a party. If sex takes place that's just fine but first and foremost it should be a party and lots of fun.

"Y'know, some people think if you go backstage after a concert, you instantly f... That isn't true, although with some of the girls we get backstage I wish it was true! We've got this room called The Poison Pen and it's a great place for us to host a party with our family and friends."

Has the groupie scene changed with AIDS?

"You've got to be more careful with girls these days."

When CC Deville met his idol Paul Stanley, they didn't have a party as such. The two sat down and jammed on every Kiss song ever written.

"It's hard to believe there's all these bands we used to admire and now we're on the same level" Bret sums up. "Sometimes I think I've been hit on the head by a rock and I'm gonna wake up soon, y'know.

"People like to call you glam or heavy metal but it's just rock and roll. If they want to call you heavy metal that's just fine with me, I suppose you've got to fit in somewhere. I like hard rock bands but I think you can learn from everyone . . . I like George Michael, Terence Trent D'Arby and INXS. Hey, INXS are great!"

THE VENETIANS:

are they man enough for success?

By Christie Eliezer

"Whaddya mean, The Venetians haven't got a high enough profile? Listen, just the other day we tried to get some publicity for ourselves by rolling our truck on our way back from Queensland in the rain and breaking a few ribs and ankles . . ."

Rik Swinn, The Venetians' voice, starts to laugh at the absurdity of what he's saying. Tongue in cheek, of course, because their recent car crash was pretty serious indeed.

"We rang up and told our manager Grant we'd just been in an accident and he said 'oh great, I'll ring the papers'!"

Which is another of Swinn's good-natured fibs.

But what isn't a fib is that the Sydney band has got a serious low-profile problem. They've been around for five years and you'd be hard pressed to tell the name of their bass player or if Rick's favorite type of girl is blonde or redhead, or even if they, umm, named themselves after venetian blinds.

They've been steadily putting out A-1 pop singles, intelligent and occasionally thought-provoking — which have had a varying degree of chart success.

Yet the normal pop kid out in the street (OK, OK, how normal *is* a pop kid out in the street anyway?) could tell you more about bands who've had less success or been around for less longer.

I'd understand if The Venetians were a bunch of boring bland airheads but they're not. They're funny, often mad, and intelligent enough to have hour-long conversations which don't touch on such well-loved topics as sex, drugs and rock and roll.

"The problem is," Rick lets out a very long sigh, "we got together and recorded a single before we went out on the road. No one had seen us live before. They liked the single but had never heard of us, and some people even thought we were a new band from England.

"Anyway, it was all so sudden, and out of this chaos, came the belief that The Venetians were a record company hype, and we fled from that. We tried to duck and let all that wash over us. In trying to get away from these 'hype' accusations we seem to have gone the other way and, four years later, we're not a well-known group.

"It hasn't helped that, for some reason or another, we have hits with various singles in various parts of the country, but never enough to have a Top 10, aside from 'So Much For Love'. You know, 'Chinese I's' was a hit only in Queensland, and 'Wonderful World' charted only in Adelaide.

"Often one state would pick up a record just as it finished its run in another, so nationally, it wouldn't get high chart-wise. We've only had that one Top 10 hit, and two Top 40 ones, with 'Inspiration' and 'Bitter Tears'.

"Quite often, when we're playing a show, we'll find that people don't realise that the band which did 'Shine A Light' is the very same one which did 'Inspiration' or 'So Much For Love'. You can see recognition dawning in their eyes, you can see them puzzling 'is this a cover version, where have I heard this song before and then they piece it together. They'd clearly come to see us do our latest single which they heard on the radio, and they've

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picked up on these other reference points as well."

But pop music's not just about music, of course, it's just as much about marketing, hype and idiocy. Do The Venetians see this low profile as a problem?

"We used to, but I think it's more of a case of 'let the music speak for itself'."

Yuk, does he really believe that?

"Yes, I do. You can't do any more than your best, and the buck literally stops with the public. There are so many bands around who're the 'darlings' of the critics, yet if the public doesn't buy their records, then they're going to have problems paying their rent.

"To me, overnight sensations never last. Of all the bands who started out with us, only one remains. The others had one big hit and then disappeared. Look at INXS and the Oils, how many tours and records they put out to chip away, before they broke through. That's the way to do it — we want The Venetians to be around for a long long time.

"You can't resent the public for not liking your music, you just can't do that! Not unless you deny the fact you respect their right to make their choice. Why brood about it? It's just poisonous to your insides if you keep stewing about it.

"As far as I'm concerned, we've just put out a great record, and that's that."

As the group's frontman, isn't it his responsibility to whip up some attention for the band?

"What, dye my hair green or walk around with plastic platforms? I'm sorry, I can't do that, it's not in my personality. So why do it? There are lots of bands around who get by without having to do that kind of thing.

"What's more, I don't think I have to do it. I've always said that if I got into the music biz to make money, then I wouldn't be in it. I got into it because I love to write and perform music. We should be grateful that The Venetians are in the position we can still record, that we've got a terrific record company who'll continue to record us after low selling albums. When you think of bands who can't even get in to see the record company A&R man or get kicked out if their first single isn't a Top 10, then we're not doing too badly, thank you very much."

What probably keeps The Venetians going is the glimmer of interest in America and Europe. 'So Much For Love' cracked the US Top 100, and even the British HM magazine *Kerrang* predicts big things for them in Europe.

The last year has been a turbulent year of change for The Venetians, internally anyway.

Firstly, they've moved away from synths to a more hard rocking sound. Just as they were about to sack their keyboard player, he rang through to say he wanted more time to concentrate on his studio and didn't want to tour any more (although soon after, he went on the road for three weeks with The Divinyls!).

"What it means is we don't have to go onto the stage wondering if the keyboards will break down. We just get up there and devote our energies to playing well."

Adds guitarist Peter Watson: "On the latest tour, we estimate we got one bum gig out of 30. A year ago, our chances were 50/50!"

The second change is that they've become more of a band, mentally.

As Swinn confesses, much of it has to do with the fact that he's calmed down enough to delegate more responsibilities to the other members. When he first started out with the band, he was impatient, rude, prone to violence, and very eager to quickly make a name for himself. He was immediately at loggerheads with the equally independent Tim Powles, and today there are still roadies, journalists, publicists and deejays who'll tell you that Rik Swinn is a nasty piece of work.

Pic by Byron Smith

"I was suspicious of everybody, convinced everybody was there to f..k me over," he remembers cheerfully. "I was throwing tables over and standing on peoples' feet.

"I didn't trust the rest of the band. I didn't know them: unlike most bands, we didn't go to school together or even form a band because we all hung out together. We came together in the studio to cut a single, and the band formed out of that. It took me quite a few years before I thought I knew them all enough to trust them, to share the songwriting, to think they were capable of decisions.

"It has a lot to do with the fact I haven't got over losing my father when I was three years old. I wasn't aware how much it did affect me: I remembered him as a hero, he was a fighter pilot, but only in vague terms obviously. I didn't even think his death mattered to me, to me it was just something that happened a very long time ago, and that was that.

"But obviously losing someone close to you even at that young age carries soundwaves, and judging by what I've learned from people who know about such things, I've been keeping it within me and without me realising it, it's been gnawing away at me."

As Rik's lyrics have always been self-analytical, does he find himself constantly thinking about why he makes certain decisions or responds to something the way he does?

'More and more these days. The more you're aware why you react to certain situations in a certain way, the more you come to terms with it."

There's a major difference between the overseas copy of *Amazing World* and the local one: it's the album cover. It's a stunning piece of art.

It was designed by the New York artist who's done the last half a dozen Rolling Stones covers. The dude listened to the title track and came up with an astonishing interpretive piece of art which draws you into the record, somehow sparks off your imagination to crawl through the maze of Venetians' music.

After all, there's nothing cut and dried about Venetians' music.

Unfortunately, the Australian record company banished the art to the inner sleeve, after a Sydney rock journalist with more shallow fad consciousness than real taste, rang up the record company snivelling that it looked too dated, hippyish and awful. The company got cold feet.

More's the pity, for a cover art that people either love or hate is as much a valid talking point as the music or video. The Venetians, after all, are a band that allow enough space in their music to be open to interpretation.

Take the song "Amazing World". I'd been watching a video of *Capricorn One*, the hoax flight to Mars. One of the questions asked time and time again in the movie was "should you spend billions of dollars on space travel than spend it on research for cancer or eradicate poverty on earth?"

Minutes later, the courier delivered the new Venetians LP, and I slipped it on my turntable. Obviously, without realising it, the movie's themes were still fresh in my mind as I listened to the title track. Certain lines seemed to suggest that Swinn was asking the very same question in the song. What an uncanny coincidence, I thought.

But speaking to Rik some days later, he seemed quite bewildered. For *he'd* been inspired by a totally different image. He'd one day glanced outside his Redfern pad and struck by a scene: two scruffy bag ladies arguing in the gutter while a polished grey limo glided past them. In that split second they were together in the same freeze frame although they belonged to two different worlds. It was a stark and sad picture of wealth and poverty, beauty and ugliness, loser and achiever, all in one Sydney street shot.

"I said to myself 'gosh, things really are so diverse'. I mean, I know that sounds so cliched and obvious, but there are times when you do take note and say 'hey, this really is an astounding place'; not in the sense I'm going 'oh wow, golly gee, isn't the world a great place'."

So OK, I have my interpretation, Rik has his, and you'll have yours. The point is: all three are just as valid as each other.

So, would The Venetians spend $20 million on space travel or space research?

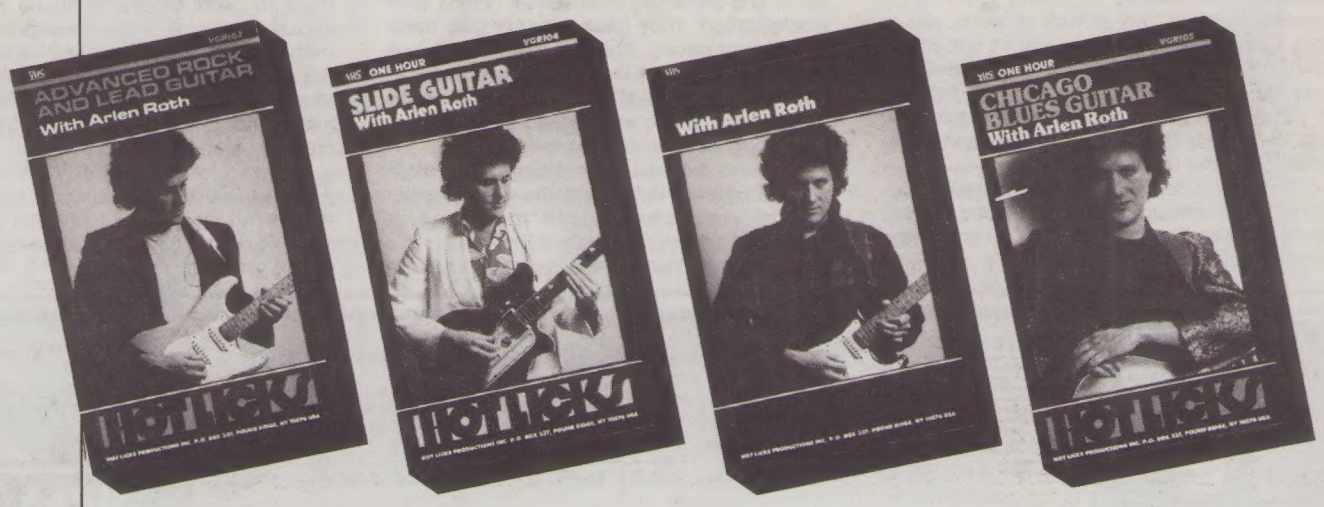
"That's a difficult one to answer, of course. There's the morality issue, but then one part of me would immediately argue 'but yes we might find the cure for cancer on the moon', which is perfectly feasible.

"What makes that question impossible to tackle is that space travel comes out of our taxes while cancer research is usually through contributions, benefits and fund-raisers. People are more likely to be touched by cancer in the sense they're afraid to get it or they know someone who died from it. On the other hand, if you said: 'let's put Ian Sinclair on the moon' quite a few people wouldn't mind donating to that too!"

ARLEN ROTH WORKSHOP

"IT SEEMS THERE ARE PLENTY OF FINE GUITAR PLAYERS AND PLENTY OF TEACHERS BUT FEW WHO CAN DO BOTH AS WELL AS ARLEN!"

TOM WHEELER, Guitar Player Magazine



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NO RULES FOR GLENN FREY

By the time most people get to their '40s, they start getting comfy. Their fires of ambition start to die, and by this stage they've started to define what their life is about. They know their partner, their goals, their achievements, their weaknesses and their strengths and they start to work around them.

Glenn Frey's post-Eagles music has generally been aimed at a yuppie CD generation, even if he might disagree with that. But his life is far from stable, he says.

He lives out in the wilds of Colorado in a 4000 square feet solar log cabin. Inside are not just the hallmarks of a successful rock star — gold records, sophisticated video and recording equipment, trophies — but one of the best collections of American contemporary art. He's been collecting for ten years and talks most proudly of it.

But emotionally things are far from routine.

"I've just got divorced, we were married for three years. Before that, I was not married and I don't have any children.

"There are still no definite rules about my life. I know I've got an album *(Soul Searchin')* out in the States in three weeks and I know I'm going to be doing some more dates in Australia with Little River Band.

"But after that, I don't know what will happen, and that keeps things pretty much stimulating and exciting for me. I mean, who knows where I'll be in November? In the States or somewhere in South East Asia?

"I have a number of options open to me with this LP. I'm extremely conservative when it comes to going out on the road in America, so I'm going to wait and see the reaction to the LP before I even start thinking about putting a new band together. Right now I'm talking to people like yourself, and doing a bit of TV as well, to get across the fact I've got some new music out, and see what happens from there."

Considering The Eagles had a very strict policy of doing virtually no interviews during their mega-platinum days, does he find talking to the media uncomfortable these days?

"No, I've got no problems with interviews" he says, conveniently forgetting The Eagles' no-speak policy. "My attitude is, when you've got a new record out, then you've got something interesting to say. If you've got nothing to say, why say it?"

OK, let's talk American politics. Was he upset that Jesse Jackson got shafted and didn't make it to the Democrats finals?

"Huh? (Pause) Noooo! I have very little interest in American politics and I tend to stay away. I mean, I've got my opinions but I think those should be kept personal."

Ray Telford is granted a rare audience with the former Eagles guiding light to find turning 40 hasn't turned him as mellowed as you'd expect.

It's not so strange that Little River Band and Glenn Frey should be gigging together, with Frey calling them the best harmony band in the world, and declaring that no other band had done his songs better.

This could be just showbiz crapola, of course. But eyebrows would be raised that Frey might consider that The Eagles didn't do that great a job on his songs. For while the current MTV generation might know Frey best from "The Heat Is On" from Eddie Murphey's *Beverly Hills Cop*, back in the '70s, The Eagles were considered the most magical, romantic and mythical band to emerge from the U.S. since The Band.

They'd all been in Linda Ronstadt's backing band, hung out together as urban cowboy rocks stars and eventually formed into a country rock band that sang lovely harmonies on sad songs like "Desperado" "Take It Easy" and "Lyin' Eyes", which were snapped up by a new generation of rock fans which found Top 40 pop too facile. AOR radio and the CD generation were just around the corner.

1976 was probably their most turbulent year. They'd become America's most popular band, and shrouded themselves behind their smokescreen. They gave out very little news about themselves. Founder member Bernie Leadon said he was tired of being on the road and quit, and replaced without fuss by gonzo guitarist Joe Walsh who kicked them into being a tougher rock and roll band.

That was the year they released their masterwork *Hotel California,* with its elusive sociopolitical observations about the decay of America. People had guessed that the band's members were living on the fast lane but a rare interview that they did, with a Dutch magazine called *Muziekkrant Oor* revealed how alarmingly fried they'd become, They'd become so pressurised, they revealed they'd all quit at some time or other, and had made the LP under gruelling conditions.

Such was the high demand for them, that they told the Dutch journalist that they'd finished the LP off a US tour, playing three different shows in three different cities, hiring a Lear jet to fly back to Miami to record all night until six in the morning, and they fly off to another town for a show that night.

Hotel California was their crowning glory, their best collection of songs. After that, they declined, taking three years to finish off *The Long Run* (they took so long that their record company boss sarcastically sent them a rhyming book to help them finish their songs!)

LRB had formed in Melbourne, getting recognised for their tight harmonies and good playing. They were less country and more British pop inspired, but they were constantly battling being called Australia's answer to The Eagles. Like them, LRB too suffered exhaustion from endless touring, but unlike them, LRB got worse with line-up changes. When it came time for them to come up with their masterstroke, their own *Hotel California,* they blew it. Also lyrically they weren't clever or deep enough to create art or myths about themselves.

Frey on being attacked for doing Coke ads: "Having a social conscience doesn't make you a better songwriter. Neil Young hasn't made a decent record since 'Harvest' and Little Steven hasn't made a decent record, period."

What had Frey thought of LRB when they first came to America?

"I first saw them in concert at the Yale Bowl and thought the two bands were pretty similar, but I'd heard of them a long time before that. See, John Bayland who produced their first few albums was a very close friend of Don Henley and I, and he'd been instrumental in getting The Eagles together.

"Anyway we knew he was going off to Australia to produce this band he kept raving about. Obviously we were similar: we were both good bands with strong harmonies, and the way they had that dedication to detail, arrangements that were intricate, the way they made each moving part mesh beautifully to create something whole."

Stepping onstage with LRB earlier this year at the Brisbane Expo, he says,"was an exhilirating moment. It had been three years since I'd done a concert, but having them there was a great buzz."

Frey gets upset when he's accused of selling out the soul of his song for the corporate dollar, how rock classics are so slickly turned into soundtracks to sell shoes, knickers, cars, soft drinks. Neil Young lampoons him on his current video for selling out.

"Well let me tell you something," his voice starts to raise, scarcely hiding his annoyance "having a social conscience doesn't make you a better songwriter. Just because you stood on the stage at Live Aid doesn't make you a good person. You don't make a good musician just because you get onto the Amnesty tour and play your crap. Let's get things in perspective, OK?

"I appreciate rock and roll has this image of being rebellious and going against the flow. There's been a lot of hot air about sponsorship from people like Neil Young and Little Steven, and to me, that doesn't mean shit because Neil Young hasn't made a decent record since *Harvest* and Little Steven hasn't made a decent record, period.

"Sure, I did an ad for Pepsi, they're a corporation, but no-one talks about the $20 million, $30 million, $40 million that these corporations injected into inner city projects. I'm a songwriter, I've got 21 people directly dependent on my turning over at least $1 million a year, and these are the way I make my songs work for me.

"I love rock music and I love beer; a lot of Australians do, so do Americans, so why not listen to a beer ad with a nice song, it just makes it more fun to watch TV."

The problem, I explain, is that these great songs were written from a sense of honesty, with a bond of communication and truth with their audience. You cannot transfer that truth to an ad; it's a betrayal of trust to people who believed in a song like "Hotel California".

"Well, everybody has their opinion. I haven't used 'Hotel California' for anything, I mean (laughs) unless there's a hotel chain in Australia that's offering!"

What's the biggest misconception people have of the song?

"They think it's evil or demonic or that it's about California. It's just a state of mind. What was our state of mind when we recorded it? Let's say we were experimenting a lot, hahaha, we were in this lab, you see. . ."

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46 PALMERSTON ROAD
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Turning cheesy the DUBROVNIKS way

Dubrovnik is a small ancient village in Yugoslavia that, for thousands of years, has remained untouched by conquering forces. Peter Simpson, vocalist with Sydney band of the same name finds a common denominator between that far of town and the group of musicians he plays with.

"It's remained on its own - a bit like us - resilent."

This remains to be seen as the band, formerly The Adorable Ones, have only just recently released their debut single - not exactly what I'd call veterans of the music world.

However, the individual members of The Dubrovniks do, like their namesake, have a long and varied history. Both drummer James Baker and guitarist Rodd Radalj were in the original line-up of the Hoodoo Gurus, bassist Boris Sujdovic is renowned for his work with The Scientists while Peter's most prestigious claim to fame is the scar over his right eye (not to mention singing with Spectres Revenge).

The band literally fell together last year when the four members all found themselves in limbo, unattatched to any particular musical ensemble. When forming the band their main priority was to find their own unique sound so as to avoid the inevitable comparisons with their previous outfits.

"We didn't want to get tied down by trying to be a certain style of band", stresses Peter. "Because all the bands we've been in have all had their own distinctive sound. We're not going to be showcasing all our old bands songs - we're in a new band now and we're going to do the sort of stuff we like. People tend to confine themselves to a style then end up not being able to do anything else."

The new Dubovniks single "Fireball Of Love" is their first foray into the recorded medium and is intended as a sampler to the band's style of material. As a debut effort set to assault the unsuspecting public, the song doesn't give that much insight int o what the band are all about. In places the single is pure clean pop while in others it twangs and grinds its way through a wall of incongruous noise. Obviously electicism was their main aspiration.

"The band all come from a variety of diverse backgrounds so obviously when we write, the end product is affected by all of us. Sometimes every one contributes to a song and other times it's just written by one person on their own. So I guess that's where the diversity comes in."

Only when you see the band, however, are you aware of how unique they are. Rodd's strange guitar is an object of interest - it sure ain't pretty but it serves it's purpose. Made out of a 2ft x 1ft block of solid pine, "the Cheeseboard" as it is affectionately referred to by the band, forms an intergral part of the Dubrovniks overall sound - or so they say. Appearances may be deceiving because, according to Rodd ('The Raj'), this block of wood certainly doesn't sound like one.

"It's based on an Indonesian guitar", says Rodd with a hint of mockery. "It's got a bit of Bo Didley . . , a bit of the Orient . . , a bit of The Raj . . ."

Peter interjects: "And it's always handy on tour because you can turn it over and cut up your cheese and fruit on it."

The legitimacy of the cheeseboard as a bonafide instrument may be debatable but, as far as the band is concerned it makes the sounds they want it to make and is providing worthwhile novelty value in attracting people to their gigs.

So far the band have chosen their few performances very carefully, opting to stear clear of the inner city rock grind and preferring to make each performance something special.

"It's better to do one great show than lots of little mediocre ones. Because we are so spontaneous on stage, if we play too often it seems rehearsed and we could lose our spark."

At present The Dubrovniks have no immediate plans for world domination or conquering of the universe but they are intending to record their debut album very shortly utilizing the producing talents of Rob Younger.

"We haven't actually started recording yet because Rob's overseas at the moment", says Peter. "But we have started arguing about it - which is a start at least.;;

- TERRI ROBERT

TESTAMENT: point of order

Alex Perialas is one of the world's best producers of New Metal, so it's not surprising that a San Franciscos thrash band would journey right across America to the small New York town of Ithaca where Perialas has built his Pyramid Studios.

This is where Testament recorded their first LP *The Legacy* last year and this is where they returned to whip down tracks for the just released follow up *The New Order*, in five weeks.

These two, plus a live EP, all in one year: weren't Testament too seriously putting the 'speed' in speed metal?

"Maybe we did kinda rush it out" shrugs singer Chuck Billy "but there's a lot of competition out there. We wanted it out before Slayer put theirs out, or Metallica or Death Angel. It was real important that the record wasn't lost in the rush."

The New Order is not just about creating a new society it's also an autobiographical look at the band's growth as musicians.

Explains Chuck, "we're learning how to play more complex music, and this is new for us. The two guitarists Alex Skolnick and Eric Peterson, are learning more how to play together, and we reworked the songs so they'd have more impact."

The New Order has the bite of the old but a bit of sophistication too.

It's as heavy as any San Francisco band like Exodus, Death Angel or Metallica.

How committed are they to thrash?

"Well, we don't live and die by it. We listen to a lot of other stuff. . . soul, rap, Gun'n-'Roses, pop, Beatles, I love Neil Diamond records, I love his voice."

How does the new LP compare to the first one.

"There is no comparison, for us. We didn't go into the studio thinking 'let's make a record like *Legacy* or one that follows on from it'. We just went in and made music as we felt it in the time we were in the studio.

"We'd change a little bit as a band, maybe we got more sophisticated or something. People either like the new LP or they don't — it's no big deal."

Chuck gave us a track by track run-down:

Eerie Inhabitant: "we think our music's eerie, so it's autobiographical in a way. But we're making a statement on the world, because the music's a reaction to the fear and chaos around us."

The New Order: "it's about us. There's a whole lot of new groups coming through, and we're going to get rid of all of these people who rule the airways now, who're a disgrace to the name of rock music."

Trial By Fire: "when society collapses, there's no law and order. Just trial by fire, everybody suffers."

Into The Pit: "just where society's going. Western system's disintergrating."

Disciples Of The Watch: "it's based on the movie *Children Of The Corn* but the song is from the viewpoint of the character Isaac."

Preacher: "someone like Nostradamus predicted some of the things the world is going through, yet no one takes notice or tries to stop the doom."

Day Of Reckoning: "it's probably the LP's most important track because it explains just what went wrong with the world."

Musical Death: "the story of a girl who used to babysit me when I was younger. Her husband thought she was foolin' behind his back and he shot her through the head one day. Bang, she was gone."

S-EXPRESS now beat diss!

S-Express's 'Theme From S-Express' is the sort of record that drives lazy music journalists — and narrow-minded DJs — mad. They can't safely classify it.

They can't decide if they like or dislike it (*before* hearing) just because it's appeared in a particular specialist chart or been played in a certain type of club. They can't put it in any outdated, irrelevant musical pigeonhole.

'Theme From S-Express' is a concept record. It breaks all the rules, waves two fingers at sectarian suckers seeking a convenient label for *everything* and points the way towards a new dawn of highly-sophisticated sampling-inspired sound.

Boasting influences covering the best dance musics of the last 15 years, 'S-Express' somehow still manages to sound distinctively modern. Its main inspirations lies in (very vogueish) '70s disco, but its debts include Eurobeat, House, funk, HI-NRG, hip hop techniques and a thousand forgotten pop records.

This eclectic, determinedly anti-trendy approach reflects the catholic taste and refreshing philosophy of S-Express's creator, DJ Mark Moore. At 23 he's the most popular DJ in London and the most broad-minded.

"He promotes all different kinds of music . . . a great mixer . . . great at bringing people together . . . the only DJ who can play Taffy alongside Schoolly D and still keep the people dancing", explains one fan.

The DJ himself delights in playing music that's not trendy and is a fierce critic of the London club scene's — both DJs and fans' — current obsession with drawing strict demarcation lines around the sort of music they'll even consider playing or dancing to. Everything has got far too *serious*.

"Like at the Mud on a Friday I can't mix things up the way I'd like, if records aren't hard enough, or don't fit into a certain category of defness, people don't want to know.

"A good DJ should remember that there's a crowd out there and he shouldn't get too self-indulgent. He should remember that the crowd have paid money to listen to good tunes they can dance to. But he should always try to educate them as well. I love going to clubs and hearing a record that surprises me."

Despite its use of about twenty samples, 'S-Express' doesn't *sound* like the increasingly predictable wave of 'Pump Up The Volume'-style records. Instead of simply lifting chunks of old records and leaving them undisturbed, Mark and engineer Pascale (half of the 'Beat Dis' team) have extracted the sounds, demolished them and used the heavily-treated end-products like the musical equivalents of pieces of a jigsaw puzzle.

Mark's aim is to use sampling to subtly, and to integrate the stolen sounds so fully, that even the trained ear can't tell where the individual sounds have come from.

'S-Express's riff is the brassy refrain borrowed from Rose Royce's 'Is It Love You're After'. Like the other ingredients, it's been shaken, stirred and thoroughly messed around to help create an almost seamless montage of futuristic sonic theft.

You could almost call it a song.

MARK MOORE'S CHOICE CUTS

1 **HOUSE MASTER BALDWIN WITH PARIS GREY**..... Don't Lead Me (US, Future Sound)
2 **RICK STAR** Night Moves (US, Sound Pak)
3 **RISSE** House Train Moves (UK, Jack Trax)
4 **PIERRE'S FANTASY CLUB**... Fantasy Girl (US, SRO Records)
5 **JVC FORCE**..... Strong Island (US, B-Boy Records)
6 **THE SWEAT BOYZ**.. Do You Wanna Jack (US, West Madison Street Records)
7 **JAMIE PRINCIPLE**... Baby Wants To Ride (UK, FFRR Records)
8 **VIOLA** ..... These Things (US, Wide Angle)
9 **ADRENA** ..... Bouncy House (UK, Warrior)
10 **COMPANY B** Fascinated (1988 Remix) (UK, Bluebird)

AT A FASHION HEAT

Some new Australian hair designs

Pix:
MATTHEW
DELLER

From a parade at The Metro Club in Melbourne; featuring designs by Jenny Bannister, Mejia, Indigo, Bettina Liano, Lindy Lane, Galaxy, Atlas Deluxe and Alister Duncan McKinnon.

SEE EMILY PLAY

How EMILY LLOYD became a reluctant member of the Hollywood Brat Pack.

Emily Lloyd was midway through shooting *Wish You Were Here* when she celebrated her 16th birthday. The crew threw her a surprise party with cake and champagne.

It was her best birthday ever, she says, even though she had to get to bed by 10.30. For she was worked had on set and, knowing how the film revolved around an unknown like her, she was determined to be its backbone.

Until the movie, she'd never been in front of a camera before. During the screen tests, when the clapper lady snapped the board in front of her before each take, Emily thought she was doing it just to annoy her.

You can't blame her. She'd been plucked out of school. Her grandfather had been the well knock actor Charles Lloyd Pack and her father Roger Lloyd Pack is a leading member of Britain's National Theatre. Mum was a theatrical agent.

Then director David Leland chose her out of 500 girls to play a tarty teenager called Lynda. When the movie opened in Britain late last year they were acclaiming her as the new Bridgette Bardot and new Marilyn Monroe. At the Cannes Film Festival in May she got a standing ovation and heralded as the toast of Cannes.

When the film opened to great reviews in New York they were hailing her as "the hottest new star". Since then she's moved on. She celebrated her 17th birthday in Tokyo when the film opened there. Since then she's been signed to star in *Loser Takes All* as the girlfriend of a gambler played by Robert Lindsay, had a slapping session with Peter Falk when she refused to accept his acting tips, just finished her first US movie *Cookie* where she plays a Brooklyn girl trying to save her father from the Mafia, has won the US National Critics Award, is in hot demand in her new home Hollywood for her sass, and is reported to becoming obnoxious on set.

However, *Wish You Were Here* is just starting its run in Australia, which means Emily's been living in its spotlight for 18 years. Every time the movie opens in a new country, she grits her teeth because everybody asks her the same question — what is the similarity between Emily and her character.

"I guess we're alike in a lot of ways," she shrugs "but I'm always conscious of the fact that I'm playing a part. I knew I was pretending. In a lot of ways I like Lynda and I understand why she behaves the way she does, but that's where the similarities end."

Lynda is an outrageous, lovable and sexually taunting teenager trapped in a boring English seaside town. She fights with her old fashioned father and uses her sexuality to seduce his best friend. She's of course a loudmouth, showing her knickers to ogling bus conductors, yelling "up yer bum" to nosey neighbours and ticking off rivals with unsuccessful perms "wear a hat, you silly cow". She might irritate you but you are charmed.

"A lot of critics have applauded the Wild Child temperament of Lynda but I think that's missing the point. When she jumps on a table and yells "pig's willy up her bum!" she's only showing how naive an innocent she is. Because she feels like a nothing and that's the way she can make herself noticed, by carrying on like that."

Success has been a strange beast for her. At 15 she'd tried for a role in *Mona Lisa* and had not been successful. In July '86, her mother heard they were casting for *Wish You Were Here* and suggested she go and try. She didn't get it at first, but two months later when they still hadn't found their star, Emily's mum suggested she return — this time dressed up in a leather tarty mini-skirt.

When director David Leland told her she got the part, they were in the film company canteen and she was so excited she spluttered her coffee all over the table . . . and him. She rushed off and told her friends at acting school — to find that only half of them were pleased. The others clearly wished her dead. Through the shooting she impressed everybody with her ability; in November '86 she wept when shooting finished. She returned to school to find teachers picking on her in case she'd got a swollen head, friends stopped ringing for the same reason.

She denies she had, but it'd be hard for any 16 year old to go through that success and not be affected.

On her first US trip, the hype machine worked furiously. Just before she went on *The Johnny Carson Show,* two agents fought furiously to sign with them. Film companies were offering her gold watches, even a pony. She met Richard Gere, Micky Rourke and Bruce Willis; Steven Spielberg asked to meet her.

"Stay young and hav fun," he told her. "Be a kid and go and see Disneyland".

These days she's considered a honorary member of the Hollywood Brat Pack, but when she met them for the first time, she hated them and thought them stuck up and obnoxious.

"They were nasty, they picked up this poor waiter, kept putting him down for no reason. I remember thinking 'you shits, I'd rather have dinner with him than you'. Of all the photos taken that night, they're smiling inanely while I'm scowling."

In September she turns 18. She's miles away from what she was two years ago.

THE BEAST GOES ON

AD ROCK on playing a juvenile delinquent in his first movie.

Beastie big mouth Ad Rock Horovitz has gone big screen. Costarring with Donald Sutherland, he's just finished filming Hugh Hudson's latest, as yet untitled picture. He plays, wait for it, a juvenile delinquent.

"Hugh had never really heard of the band before and didn't give a shit who I was, that's what I liked about it," explained Horowitz.

As Tim Doolan, a leading member of a new US phenomenon, the middle-class street gang, he finds himself sent into corrective care by his affluent parents. The new, privatised American response to the problem rich kid with money and unlimited freedom, Sutherland's his shrink.

"Through me you see how people make mistakes. It shows kids can be screwed up and parents can be screwed up. This movie shows the parents reacting to the kids and the kids reacting to the parents."

Typecast? Well not exactly. Adam does not see himself fighting wars on the home front.

"Other people rebel against their parents but I don't because I love mine. I really want to tell people that you can love your parents, that kids can love and respect older people."

Squeaky clean in jeans and Fred Perry and brimful of respect for Hudson's serious film making reputation, Ad Rock, it transpires, is not new to things dramatic.

"I was doing this before I was serious about the band. I was going down to auditions. I was on a TV show, I did one of my dad's plays and I was really into it. I wasn't serious about the band at the time. So last year when I had nothing to do all day — we played at night and rehearsed late afternoons and I wasn't going to school — I had to find something to do during the day . . . and that was the movie."

Unsurprisingly, Adam sees himself as the film's street culture expert.

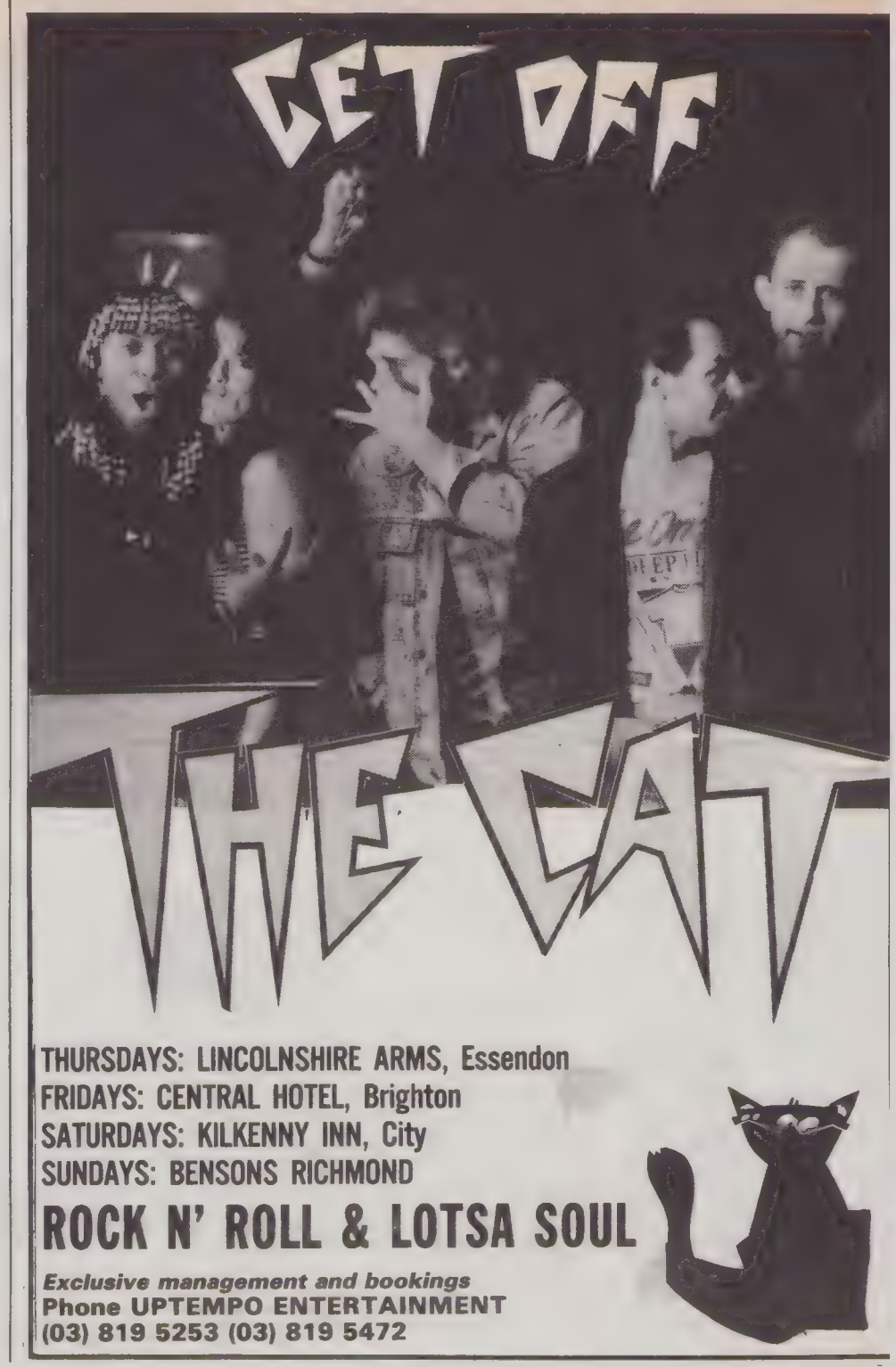
"That's where I came in. The first day I met Hugh I asked if I could change a bit here and there. That's why I had so much fun working with Hugh because he lets you contribute."

But now it's back to work on the new Beastie's album.

"Musically I'm content with what I've done. If we never made another album again I'd be satisfied because I was really happy with the work on *Licensed To Ill*. I did 50 per cent of it."

Though on second thoughts,

"I really want to do another and I'd be lost without Adam and Mike."



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DR IGGY

With his latest album "Instinct", IGGY POP has just made his best album in a decade. EDWIN POUNCEY looks back on the days of The Stooges while DAVID DONOHUE gets the latest from the man himself

The stigmata scars of Saint Iggy, self inflicted from countless acts of masochistic showmanship, still weep red tears . . . For those who believe in the *real* miracle of rock'n'roll, where it becomes more a living force than a form of pithy amusement, then Iggy Pop is GOD!

A living god who bodly strides out on the upraised palms of his audience, so confident is he of their love for him that he playfully smears peanut butter into their hair. A god who is smiled down upon from above by even higher deities than himself, sublime creatures like Bowie who encourage him to carry on . . . He doesn't need it of course, but Iggy gratefully grabs the compliment and opens up his chest one more time. The gods look on in quiet awe.

Iggy And The Stooges are the stuff of legends. A legend that, two decades on, shows no sign yet of waning. James Jewell Osterberg Jr was raised in a caravan lot which was located around Ann Arbor, Michigan. Early photos of the Ig show bright high school student material, but this dream crashed when Jimmy decided to dump his school books and pick up his drum sticks to keep the beat for a raggedy-assed local rock'n'roll band called The Iguanas. This period in his career is notable mainly for providing the young Osterberg with his eternal moniker . . . Iggy.

When The Iguanas eventually scuttled under the nearest boulder Iggy went in search of other bands to join. For a time he sat in with a Detroit-based band called The Prime Movers before moving on himself, this time back to Michigan, where another local band, The Chosen Few, had decided to disintegrate. Among the hordes of The Chosen Few was one Ron Asheton who got the job of bass player on Iggy's recommendation, they had previously worked together in The Prime Movers.

This dynamic duo decided to join forces and form another band. On their way to the basement they roped in Ron's brother Scott to be their drummer. The Psychedelic Stooges, as they were first baptised, began to rehearse and experiment with Ron on bass, Scott on home-made drums and Iggy playing a variety of weird instruments which included an Hawaiian guitar, a Fender piano, a vacuum cleaner, a blender and something that he described as a "Jim-a-phone".

They also employed a manager called Ron "The Professor" Richardson, a school teacher who also had a hand in booking other Detroit heavies like the MC5 and Bob Seger. With Richardson's help The Stooges made their debut performance at a private party that was held on Hallowe'en night 1967. In the audience were such personalities as the MC5, their manager John Sinclair and Jimmy Silver, a friend of Sinclair who was to become the new Stooges manager when Richardson decided that teaching and managing The Stooges was too much to handle.

The three Stooges were joined by a fourth in the gangly shape of bass player Dave Alexander. This latest addition allowed Ron to shift on to play 'stun' guitar and Iggy free to do his thing upfront on vocals. By now they were playing such exalted local venues as the Grande Ballroom, supporting top West Coast bands like Blood, Sweat And Tears where the audience could only look on in astonishment at the onstage anarchy of Iggy and company.

On September 22, 1968, The Stooges were asked to play a benefit concert for the Children's Community School at the Union Ballroom which was situated on the University of Michigan campus in Ann Arbor. The MC5 were topping the bill and Danny Fields, publicity director for the then exciting and experimental Elektra Records label, had flown in especially to see them in action.

What he got as a bonus was The Stooges, who, along with the MC5, deeply impressed him. Back at Elektra headquarters in New York he managed to persuade Chief Executive Officer Jac Holzman and Vice President Bill Harvey to sign both bands. The deal was signed, after a show, at the MC5's house in Ann Arbor. The Stooges were set to become recording stars . . .

In 1969 there was plenty to do. Woodstock, Vietnam, Helter Skelter. The Summer Of Love was just at the brink of taking a nosedive. To give it an extra push came The Stooges debut *The Stooges* with titles such as . . . 'Real Cool Time', 'Little Doll', 'No Fun' and the ultimate statement of sonic submission 'I Wanna Be Your Dog'.

The record was produced by freshly fired Velvet Underground maestro John Cale, who allowed a certain amount of experimentation to creep in, especially during the critically loathed mantra moan 'We Will Fall', ten minutes and fifteen seconds of slow motion self indulgence that effectively threw a blanket over the inferno started with the earlier tracks.

While nothing like as rabid as their stage act, 'The Stooges' still showed the world that the band had considerably more than mere potential to offer.

Perhaps the prime track on *The Stooges* is 'I Wanna Be Your Dog' where sex, in the half naked, dog collar clad shape of Iggy, raised up its cute, blond mop-top and howled demonically at the moon. Complemented by Ron Asheton's scalp-lifting 'stun' guitar, over which Cale had smothered a soundtrack of sleigh bells, 'I Wanna Be Your Dog' was short (3:10), sharp and deadly. The song has since become a 'punk' standard and Iggy himself revives the number for his solo performances.

***Funhouse*, The Stooges' second vinyl swipe to the head, was released in August 1970 with a few additions to the line-up. Welcomed aboard was underground cartoonist/saxophonist Steven Mackay together with an incredited, ex roadie rhythm guitarist called Bill Cheatham.**

Their inclusion added more depth to a record which all Stooges disciples consider to be their finest fling. Here free-form jazz formulas were tinkered with, Iggy's lyrics became carefully spliced incantations and Ron Asheton's guitar became a smouldering animal, alive and writhing, sucking the energy from his bones.

Hot tracks on *Funhouse* include the sax dominated title track, the short angry yelp of *1970* (the natural sequel to the previous album's '1969' cut), and the guitar grovel of 'Dirt', where the soul of The Stooges is sacrificed for their electric art. After 'Funhouse' there was no place left for them to go.

The same month that *Funhouse* was released, bass player Dave Alexander went missing in action and had to be replaced by another roadie called Zeke Zettner. In October, later that same year, Bill Cheatham was dropped and James Williamson joined The Stooges' ranks. Williamson proved to be not only a brilliant guitar player but also the saviour of Iggy Pop in later life.

The Stooges split on July 19, 1971 after a freeway accident ripped the roof of the group's van and nearly finished them for good. Fate however had other plans for Iggy And The Stooges.

Down and out and off Elektra, Iggy went searching for some other label to crash into . . . there were no takers. That is until David Bowie, an avid Pop admirer, scooped him up and convinced Tony Defries to sign Iggy up with Main Man, Bowie's management company. From now on it was Ziggy 'n' Iggy! Plans were swiftly put into operation to bring both Iggy and James Williamson to London, in order to ready them for the stardom which had been denied them so far.

Compatible British musicians to back the pair were pretty thin on the ground, so the Asheton brothers were called for to supply the backing rhythm. Yet what looked good on paper turned out to be a disaster on vinyl. *Raw Power* should have been a triumph, but Bowie's insistence on having a manicured claw in the mix trashed the end product, transforming a lion's roar into a pussycat's meow. The result was released in July 1973.

Raw Power does have its moments. 'Gimme Danger', 'Shake Appeal', 'Search And Destroy' and 'Your Pretty Face Is Going To Hell' (originally titled 'Hard To Beat') all punch out with fresh menace, but Iggy's too upfront in the mix and of Ron and Scott Asheton little can be heard. It's a different story on recently is-

AND MR POP

sued 10" bootleg, however, teasingly entitled 'Shake Appeal: Original *Raw Power* Mixes Before Bowie'. Here the full danger of four of the songs from those legendary sessions can be heard in all their original ugliness.

***Raw Power* was The Stooges' last stand . . . from now on Iggy was on his own and it was up to archivists to dig up what was left of the band. James Williamson and Iggy went back into the studio after *Raw Power* to record *Kill City*. This was released on Radar Records in 1978, when renewed interest in The Stooges was at its height.**

Williamstown also handed over the tapes of The Stooges' last ever performance at Michigan Palace, Detroit 1973-74 to French independent Skydog Records. This was issued as *Metallic KO* and is worthy of mention only for Iggy's onstage patter to his audience. An enlarged version of this record has since been made available entitlted *Metallic KO X2*.

Meanwhile the French-based Revenge Records are busily issuing various Stooges outtakes on an almost monthly basis . . . The Iggy And The Stooges Fan Club is also still alive and kicking and can be contacted at 2 Square Trudaine, Paris 75009, France.

They also run a lable called Fun! which issues records from such Stooges spin-off bands as New Order — which featured Ron Asheton and MC5 drummer Dennis Thompson, Destroy All Monsters — another Ron Asheton outfit, and Sonic's Rendezvous Band — a power quartet which was graced with ex-MC5 guitar god Fred "Sonic" Smith and Scott Asheton.

The very latest Stooges stunt, however, comes from independent Australian label Au-Go-Go who have just released a double album of Stooges cover versions. Entitled *Hard To Beat: 21 Stooges Killers*, it features God, Raw Power, The Seminal Rats, The Celibate Rifles, Asylum, The Hard Ons, and Vocal Lizard, to name but a few.

What other band on this god forsaken planet could conjure up such rabid enthisiasm? Only The Stooges.

Iggy is tanned and happy as a child. He's springing around today — into the elevator on the way up and from chair to chair during the interview. He is talking of renaissance, wholegrains, surfing guitars, and being in control. Today Iggy feels wired. He's clear. The past is a hand through his hair, a feast of stories dimly lit.

He's not just talking about the dark hazy past when he messed up so badly, he means last year *Blah Blah Blah* and anything that isn't now. Now feels good to him. At three he's jamming with a bunch of guys he's just met. Tomorrow, it's LA for a few days. He's happy with his new album *Instinct*, because it's the closest he's ever come to a total Iggy Pop creation. It's his.

To him it's like the first perfect basket made at the rehab centre, even its flaws are perfect and there's life in every strand, running blood in every skinny vein. 'Instinct' is raw and it rocks. If *Blah Blah Blah* was thinking, *Instinct's* spitting. For Iggy, world domination is dominating your own world. That's the way he feels right now.

There is something very confident and very Iggy about this album.

"Well, I didn't want to rely on collaborators for the thrust of my music at this time in my life, whether it be David or anybody else. I felt it was no longer appropriate for me to put my name on the front of an album if what's inside was not first and last a product of me.

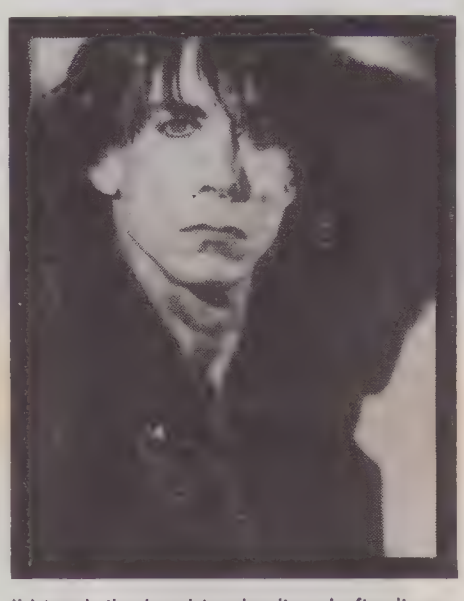
"The tracks I did with Steve Jones were really accessory to it, in other words they came along as I was already along the road to development. What he did contribute more than anything else was his sense of time which as a rhythm guitarist is superior to almost anyone working in the world. Very few people can touch him. He modified some of my rhythms. 'Early Rider' was my song but I couldn't get it off the ground and he said why don't you do this and he played that desert music intro and then he made up a bridge and then he made up an ending. All I had as a verse and a chorus."

You have given Steve Jones a lot of rope on this record.

"I like the way Steve surfs with his music a bit. You hear his guitar coming but it's not bashing away on top of your head. It's like a thug outside the door. It's there and its threatening you, but it's not quite cresting and then all of a sudden it's all happening and then you stop."

The lyrics on 'Instinct' seem quite stream of consciousness. Certainly they are not as structured or crafted into "songs" as on 'Blah Blah Blah'.

"No, they aren't. I used to be good for one or two songs per album and then at rehearsals



I'd teach the band to play it and after it was recorded I'd do the lyrics. This time I was going through all that process months before I was actually doing it for a band so I could just open my mouth and whatever came out. I also used the process of typing long essays on various subjects, to start freeing the words and to start finding out what I'm thinking.

"With 'Tom Tom' the words '*I'll take my tom tom and go*' just popped out."

It conjures up the image of 'the little boy lost'.

"Yeah, and who wants to be the guy who doesn't get the girl. If they hadn't popped I could never have written about it."

Why have you moved away from the slickness of the 'Blah Blah Blah' production to a rawer, liver sound?

"Well, you know, you turn on these amps these days and these modern drums are very loud and you can make this big noise, but once you've taped this piece, what are you going to do? Well it's easy, if you just turn on sequencers. That bores me because what I wanna hear is four or five flawed human beings who shit and go to shop and sin and f..k up and are confused and have doubts. I want to hear these people mould together and try to raise this spectre, try to get the thing flyin' and try to control where it goes and then have it sound cohesive and good and have a beginning and an end. That is what turns me on as a listener and what turns me on is what I want to present to others.

"That's what I always found in the image of the first bands I liked, The Doors, The Stones and in jazz Coltrane and Archie Shep and Sun Ra was f.....g great for that, it's drama. Sonic Youth also wrestle with that kind of thing. They try to bring this thing up and they try to make it go somewhere and that really fascinates me and interests me."

I know that Lee Renaldo from Sonic Youth offered to play guitar on this album. Why did you turn him down in favour of Steve's guitar playing?

"He's a good guitar player but to be honest, we just have different tastes and I find Steve's work incredibly stimulating. But I was listening to Sonic Youth quite a lot before I made this album. I thought Steve was the right choice, but for the next I just might call him up."

You obviously had very strong ideas in your approch to this record. How much room did Bill Laswell have as producer?

"A hell of a lot. His signatory contribution was to be the only producer who listened to my ideas at length, considered them carefully and worked on the basis of trying to get me what I wanted. So right there, that was a revelation because I've never had that kind of relationship with any of my producers. The best I've had other than him is David Bowie who when you work with him, you're gonna get what David wants.

This album could be seen to be a kick back against that relationship with Bowie.

"No, I think that it will be seen that way by people outside . . . my shoes. But from my side, I want to say that on *Blah Blah Blah* what he did was the best production that could possibly have been done with the artist I was then because I wasn't as strong then. Then I smoked a pack and a half a day, now I don't smoke. Then I could work a 6-8 hour day, now I can work as long as I need to — nothing stops me. Then I could sing up to a certain note, now I've got another half octave. Then I was a much clumsier songwriter, I'm a better songwriter now.

"For where I was then and the energy level I was capable of summoning he took that, that low and tremulous voice singing about things that troubled me and he made a great album out of it. I just don't want him attacked because I know there are people attacking his ass lately all the time.

"I just want to say that the most provocative friend of my adult life has been David Bowie and he has absolutely opened vistas to me where I have been able to assimilate information that has allowed me to survive and also to enjoy the world I'm in a lot more because I know about stuff that I would have thought was really sissy shit before I met him."

Is it a tough realisation when you see yourself as an artist songwriter or whatever to learn to work like the guy in the office over there across the street?

"Yes, I found that extremely difficult to come to terms with. I found it very hard because the juvenile in me wanted to believe that my juvenility was the stronger of my powers if I had to. I had no choice. Because I would look real silly acting the way I did at my age now. It was pretty dubious then but it would be really stupid now."

So discipline is important?

"Yeah, it's something I pride myself on now but I had a hard time turning the corner, but I still have a bit of a lazy streak. I always have had a bit of a lazy streak. But now I have certain things that I do every day. I play a little guitar. Do a little physical."

I believe you don't actually workout in a gym, you do mainly stretching exercises.

"I'll do one for you (bends over and touches his toes), that's stretching out the hamstring and then I go like that (bends to the side catching his ankle). I have a whole routine. I started working with a chiropractor and a physiotherapist before the *Blah Blah Blah* tour because by '83 I was so screwed up, I was drinking and stuff before I went on stage and I was getting injured, seriously injured.

"Now I do aerobics (jumps up and gives a display). I've got this girl who comes and teaches me.

"My wife is a great cook. It's macrobiotic based. I get a lot of wholegrains, I also eat any food I like. I eat hotdogs sometimes. I put a lot of mustard on 'em too. I eat sweets too."

Prior to the 'Blah Blah Blah' tour, you hadn't toured since '83 and yet you played over 100 gigs on that tour including The Pretenders dates. That was before you got yourself into your current good shape. How did you sustain that energy?

"Well, I might have some healthy genes but I get a buoyancy from the music when I hear the music loud, it buoys me up and I get in a little bit of a supernormal state if you will. I also had to prove to myself that I'm not some relic. Now that I'm 40 I'm not just going to come out and give you a friendly smile and just casually groove around the stage. F..k that. I'm goin' to work 'em to death, I'm gonna kill 'em. I'm gonna destroy 'em. I just need to do that. But between the gigs I was like a dead person. I thought I was gonna die. always bitchy and cranky and everything. But I had to give everything while I was on stage. I can't hold back anything."

Have you ever figured out why you're so driven?

"You know, I hated being in my family. I love 'em but I hated 'em."

So that was the rocket fuel?

"Yeah, you betcha. The day I graduated high school I dyed my hair platinum, started growin' it. I lived as filthy as possible. I liked the idea that I never washed. I was proud that I never ever folded my clothes. I wanted to be a pig, a wild pig. I wanted to get in trouble. I did too."

But that proving yourself becomes an obsession so that when you achieve what you want to achieve you don't know how to stop, right?

"Yeah, I guess something like that or you're afraid to stop because if you stop you wonder if you're still gonna respect yourself."

Is there something in the water in Michigan? Madonna lived near you. She has a similar flaming way about her.

"Well, I'm probably too close to see it but they call Michigan the revenge of the South because it's a lot of people who came up to work, you know. There is definitely a very stiff necked tendency in Michigan. But there are certain people who come out of there who just seem to have this flaming way."

But there was also a healthy music scene back there in Michigan when you started. There was the fire of competition.

"Yeah, competition was vital, vital. None of the band were more than nominally friendly. But there was a seething inferno of competition vital to development. This bloke John Sinclair, was the one who proposed 'let's not take music as something that we play in the local clubs trying to get an AM hit or that we can pretend it's San Francisco and we're in The Summer Of Love too. Let's think of its cosmic significance and let's think about what it's really doing for you.

"'Let's talk about these politics. Why shouldn't we be able to smoke dope when we walk down the street and why shouldn't we be able to f...k in the street.' The fact that he questioned the existing premise threw open the book for very music listener in Southern Michigan and these people started thinking. Do I like that guy who played here?

"But he only played ten minutes or do I like that band down the street that work three hours at the bar every Friday and Saturday night. So people started thinkin'. He was thought provoking.

"New York is having a nice little renaissance at the street level. I'm very happy about that because it makes it a lot easier for me to enjoy myself because I don't really like to go to discos and I like to feel I can go somewhere at night and relate to the people."

RHINESTONED COWBOY

Are rock bands allowed to take three-year sabbaticals? Even someone like SACRED COWBOYS? Byron Smith welcomes back to the fold a band of real character . . .

"I'm fixing a hole where the rain comes in and stops my mind from wandering where it will go."

Lennon/McCartney

EMERGING FROM THE GRAY AREA

I'm thinking about chainsaws and heroin and waiting for Garry Gray.

I'm thinking back to '82, when Sacred Cowboys were the most frightening band in Melbourne — when even the most daring punter wouldn't dare to stand closer than fifteen, maybe twenty feet from the stage; lest they be lassooed into the path of Gray's scowling and violent intensity trip. He had been known to physically attack those who strayed too close . . . the space in front of the stage growing in direct correlation to his implied and perpetrated aggression.

It's been three years since the Cowboys snuffed out unceremoniously, due to Gray's "medical problems" (read: heroin addiction/bust/jail) providing just enough time to cloud his persona in myth and mystery.

Nobody had seen or heard a peep from the post-Cowboys Garry Gray until he showed up at a Sydney Slaughtermen gig mid last year and waxed with old cowhands Mark Ferrie and Terry Doolan. It was here that the foundation stones were laid, upon which has since been built the old/new Sacred Cowboys.

A solid and focussed LP *Trouble From Providence*, a single (the title track) and tour, are tangible testimony to the fact that it's serious . . . that Garry Gray is back home on the range.

TROUBLE FROM INCIDENCE

"Collapsing into himself, divided in spirit,
Disunited in purpose, powerless to act,
Enfeeble in his own existence,
Dreams about justice in the heavens,
He loses ground down on Earth,
Keeps losing ground down on Earth . . . "

— 'Blood and Soul' (Gray/Ferrie/Doolan 1988)

Garry Gray arrives carrying a bag of shopping and a curiously *normal* persona.

We find a quiet corner of the *Juke* office, a million miles away from the place where Gray stood and scowled ferociously, in the early eighties.

I mean, shit, the guy's *smiling* at me. Ol' psycho eyes is sparkling. He's hanging from a cigarette and at the same time — paradoxically — glowing like some North American health nut. I'm still fumbling with some new batteries for my tape recorder and Gray's already telling me about his new house, his new wife and a new life.

It dawns on me that this could be a good interview and the best chance yet to find out the truth behind the Sacred Cowboys split, the sabbatical and the inner workings of the (alleged) psychotic mind.

". . . there were rumours that I'd become a Christian and had started doing Christian things . . . "

See, when the Sacred Cowboys split in '85 no-one was *really* sure what had gone down. All sorts of rumours and theories were submitted. Some stated that Gray had abandoned music to follow God, others were confident that he'd moved to live on a South Australian sheep station.

Most, however, tied the situation to heroin — a theory that was to gain gravity as news of a drug bust and subsequent court appearance for Gray, filtered in. Today I'm to discover that Garry Gray's heroin addiction *did* exist. He *did* go to jail, for a short time and it *did* cause the band to *dis*band . . .

"There were rumours that I'd become a Christian and had started doing Christian things . . . there were a lot of rumours, I can't remember exactly what they were, but most of them seemed so removed from myself that I'd have to find it amusing.

"I did get busted and I spent a rather dreadful week in jail, but then I got bailed out of there and just did rehab stuff. That took a couple of years and it wasn't until I'd finished with all that, that I was really in a position to even *contact* Mark and Terry and talk about the idea of an album."

Gray seems surprisingly relaxed about discussing the sensitive topic of his own drug addition. I suggest that since the band's split, his lifestyle has obviously changed and ask whether he's uncovered any aspects of his personality of which he was previously unaware . . .

". . . there's parts of myself that are filed under 'forget' . . . "

"Oh . . . I think I've become more aware of the aspects of my personality that didn't serve any useful purpose to me or anybody else. I think that's the main difference. So there's parts of myself that are filed under 'forget'."

Self destructive traits?

"I guess so. That was the reason why we stopped playing as the Sacred Cowboys, because of all the heroin and stuff and getting busted and doing all the rehab stuff and things like that . . . that was obviously counter-productive."

It must be very satisfying to have made it through and come out on top . . .

"Yeah, well you can only feel happy about that kinda thing. I've seen a lot of people that haven't made it through and it's just sad really. When you get through it yourself, you just . . . (pause) there's not a whole lot you can do, except to hope that other people can get through it as well. It's certainly not an easy thing to leave behind. It takes a lot of effort."

CAME, SAWED AND CONQUERED

At the height of their (first) career in the early Eighties, Sacred Cowboys were a truly menacing outfit. Along with snapping and snarling at the audience and shaking them from the depths of their apathy — with angry and incisive lyrics — Garry Gray had additional assistance from a zip-start friend.

His chainsaw act quickly gained imfamy around Melbourne and became a Sacred Cowboys trademark. Walking into the crowd, wielding the screaming blade, Gray evoked a range of reactions from panic and fear, through to nervous laughter. Either way, the audience always kept a safe distance.

In a 1982 live review, *Juke's* David Wall articulated the spectacle:

"I'm too overwhelmed to dance, the air is too hot to stir, but I get with the strength until a roar starts and God, that bastard's got a chainsaw! He's jumping into the crowd and waving the bloody thing, there's diesel fumes up my nose, a scream in my ears and terror in my bat. Bodies scramble behind a pillar, a table, anything; I mean you don't get a medal for losing a limb in a nightclub.

"Once the human lumberjack interlude is played out, it leaves a sick edge in the air and combined with an inspiring thrash, very nervous people start jumping up and down, up and down, up and down . . . "

These days there's little chance of stealing the scent of dieseline at a Sacred Cowboys gig, Gray's dropped the chainsaw act from the show . . .

". . . it just seemed like something to do. It wasn't a statement or anything . . . "

"I think it was more of a novelty at the time, more than anything else," he smiles. "It was a phenomenon and something that a lot of people have asked questions about and referred to and — to be totally honest about it — I couldn't really see what was so horrifying or outlandish about it. It just seemed like something to do. It wasn't a statement or anything. Personally, for me, it held no fear or anything that was forboding. Maybe it's an inadequacy on my part, that I can't see why it created so much panic or concern."

Maybe.

Do people still stand back from the stage?

"Yeah. It still happens. I don't know what it is. I think it's just my stage persona . . . it's what happens on stage."

Do you know what kind of metamorphasis takes place?

"With this album, I think we've gone further than ever before in terms of getting all the shades of meaning and power and ideas that we have on stage, on to a record. I think we've done it this time and I think being on stage is the same thing. I don't see what else people would expect to see when someone was performing that sort of material. It's just — to me — an extension of what's written and performed musically, so that's how it manifests itself in a live situation. (He shrugs). That's as near as I can get to describing what may appear to be a personal change."

THEIR BLOOD SAID REPAY HISTORY

The Sacred Cowboys formed loosely in April '82 as a joke, digging up old favourites by the Doors, Suicide, Velvet Underground, the Stranglers and an array of other mentors.

Bassist Mark Ferrie and drummer Janis Freidenfelds (alias Johnny Crash) had both been long standing members of the Models. Garry Gray had been serving his time during the Melbourne punk explosion of the late Seventies with the Negatives. Keyboard player Ian Forest arrived with a list of former bands including True Wheels, Modern Jazz and Artificial Organs.

Guitarist Terry Doolan had just left electro-pop group The Fizzpops when he joined the Cowboys and second bass player (yes, they had *two*) Andrew Picouleau had been in the line-up of semi-legendary, late seventies outfit X Ray Z and also worked with electronic band The Metronomes.

The most important step Sacred Cowboys made soon after their formation involved a decision to avoid the rigours of extended garage jams. "It's just for fun," they thought, "no-one's gonna like us anyway, so let's just get out there and do it!"

• Ol' psycho-eyes in full-flight back in '82.

But something quite unexpected happened: people *adored* them. In the space of merely six months, people were flocking to the shows and the band had won a place among the upper echelon of the Melbourne independent scene. It was also around this time that original material began to infiltrate the set — and with all six members writing, the metamorphasis, from a cover act to a Powerful and Credible Original Band, occurred quickly.

An exerpt from a review of the band, which appeared in October '82, gives some idea of the impact:

". . . With two bass players, this line-up has enough backbone to make most other bands pale into insignificance. And singer Garry Gray, well he is simply the best showman around nowadays. He has been called 'ol' psycho eyes' due to the intense demented stare he gives the audience while he pours it out at the mike. Slowly, gradually, as the night wears on, the man slowly turns into a beast . . . "

★ ★ ★

Legend has it that Sacred Cowboys derived their name from an episode of *Get Smart* in which a band, The Sacred Cows, had been formed by KAOS with the aim of sapping the moral strength of America's youth, through evil psychedelic music.

In retrospect, any comparison to the Sacred Cows seems irrelevant. Rather than sapping the moral fibre of youth, the Cowboys managed to shake kids from their complacency and inspire them with a new plane of thought and sound.

★ ★ ★

As things began to fall into place and the band's original material was openly accepted, the Cowboys — not knowing how long it would last — wanted to release a single "for posterity", A song called "Nothing Grows In Texas" — which started life as a throwaway electronic ditty — was collectively moulded by the band into a tongue-in-cheek, western flavoured song and released.

Amid comments by *Countdown's* Ian Meldrum that the Cowboys were the 'worst band in five years', the single attracted radio attention and managed to chart. Then came THE appearance, which was truly classic and featured Meldrum and singer Wendy Stapleton arguing the toss about the band's merits and the Cowboys putting on a glowering performance which boasted enough intensity to cut through the show's sanitised gloss.

1988's Garry Gray reflects:

"It was fun being on *Countdown*, because it was this show that I had endured Saturday after Saturday. So after all those devoted years of watching it, finally some fruit had come from it, in the form of actually being on the show."

And what of Ian Meldrum's comment that Sacred Cowboys were the worst band in five years . . .

• Band pic by Peter Milne

"Oh, you know . . . I don't know if it's necessary to craft a response to that. It's like Ian Meldrum is an entity unto himself and with that TV show he had the means to do a lot of good things and I guess he just didn't do it often enough."

In May '83 the band went back into the studio and recorded the powerful 'Nailed To The Cross', but shelved the song because they were unhappy with the mix.

". . . it was a rather abrupt, enforced retirement at the time . . . "

Not long after, the band recorded "Bangkok" on a 8-track recorder at a gig at Melbourne's RMIT. As "Nothing Grows In Texas" had been remixed and "Nailed To The Cross" was still on the shelf, the idea of compiling an EP was hit upon. So the band returned to the studio and put down "Pay For It (In the Next Life)", "Twisted Nerve" and "Stripcell" and before long the EP had become a mini-album and released to mixed reviews in late '83. Most criticised what they saw as the band's inability to translate their live sound to vinyl. Juke's review, by Ashley Crawford, concluded: "I reckon they're probably the best band in Australia live at the moment and I just hope that one day they can get that . . . *energy* on to vinyl, y'know, that *intensity*".

The closest Sacred Cowboys have come to capturing *"that intensity"* is the stuff between the grooves of their recently released LP *Trouble From Providence* (see Murray Engleheart's review in this week's Album pages). The album is a satisfying blend of the old and new Sacred Cowboys, capturing the power and underlying hostility of the old, live Cowboys, whilst opening up fresh possibilities with a new range of lyrical and musical explorations.

"The songs on the first side were mostly written about 12 months ago, 'Trouble From Providence' and a couple of other things on the second side, were written around the time we went into the studio, in December last year. So I guess it reflects an evolutionary thing.

"Things got cut a bit short back in 1984. It was a rather abrupt, enforced retirement at the time, so there was a lot of stuff we were working towards, that had never been released or completed. Some of it surfaced on the *We Love You . . . Of Course We Do* live record (in 1985) but the rest is only now beginning to surface within the band again. So because things got cut short, there was a lot of stuff that we didn't get to do. This album, I guess, has elements of things we wanted to do — but weren't finished off — and it points to other things that we will chase later on."

". . . A land of poets, thinkers and bums,
Dreamed of a world in which the others lived,
Battered by privation, they got untold misery,
Until the song of their blood sang repay history . . . "

— "Blood and Soil" (Gray/Doolan/Ferrie — 1988)

What was the biggest mistake the Sacred Cowboys ever made?

"I guess there'd be a roll of honour. When we first started, there was a certain naivety towards the industry, like going into things in a way that you say to yourself 'well I'm the artist; this is the band; here's the music; we do all this stuff live; here's our record . . . where's success?!' And I think that most people — if they're honest — would have to admit to doing that. So you make all those kinda mistakes.

"I think the only other mistakes that were made though were, I suppose in my case . . . " (He searches for the right words, before starting again). "Well see, one of the major pitfalls of the music industry, if you're not aware of it, is shooting drugs and all that stuff. So I fell for that one and I think that was the biggest time-waster for me . . . "

SOMETHING STIRRING IN THE FIRMAMENT

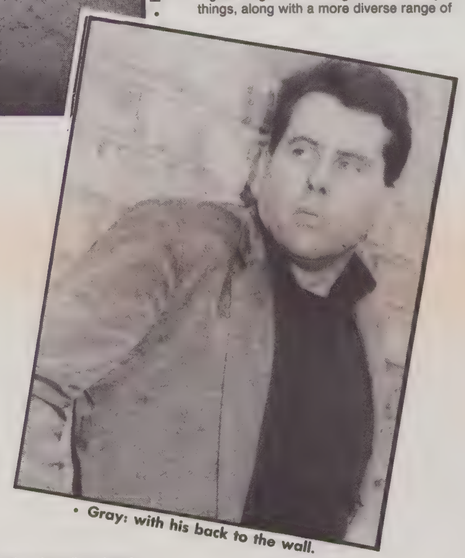
"Oceans dry bleeding in my bed,
Prime time waisting, deliver a vision,
Promised message from a hold order,
Alaska burning after the breakdown,
Her eyes are blood red oceans,
I'd seen her before this decision,
You know she's white as the snow in Alaska,
Wrote to her before her ascension . . .
. . . when I hear the word culture I
Undo the safety catch of my gun . . . "

"Trouble From Providence" (Gray/Ferrie/Doolan — 1988)

The underlying aggression and hostility of Garry Gray's lyrics and stage presence has the propensity to instill razor-edge tension in an audience. In full flight he and the band could (and presumably still can) have the audience shuffling and scratching themselves with anxiety. Sometimes the wire would snap . . .

"From time to time there'd be scuffles that'd happen and often I'd have to quell them myself, by throwing people off the stage and stuff. I think a lot of it came down to interpretation. There was a lot of people who've always understood the band and I guess for them, it was merely a good time — to go and see the Sacred Cowboys. I guess that's what it will continue to be.

"But with playing rock music, you're always in a situation where there's a diversity of people there. There's not many gigs you do that are exclusively on your own turf — where everyone is a devotee and there just to see you — so you're bound to get different people clashing in some way. There's that collision sometimes."



• Gray: with his back to the wall.

Does violence perplex you?

"*Perplex* me? Ummm . . . I think, um . . . (long silence and much chin rubbing) phew! *Perplex* me? Well, you've perplexed me with the question! (laughs). No it doesn't really. I think it's something I spend a lot of time speaking against and I suppose — to a large degree — a lot of songs are holding a mirror up to an aspect of society where there's some kind of violent theme to be exorcised or something. I think a lot of the themes that come out in *Trouble From Providence* are dealing with things like repressed hostility, dealing with different social dynamics, oppression of people and then there's the side that takes a lot of themes into a more ironical backdrop.

"You've got songs like 'Pacification Organisation', which I think is a fairly clear statement and yet there's a nice little melody going in there. And there's ironies that are also built in, just to utilise the medium until it's forced to explain these things. There's a lot of effort made to colour each song so that someone will get the drift of what's being spoken.

"Violence is a part of something that is a theme on the album."

In that light, would you consider yourself a pacifist?

". . . there's some things you just can't laugh at . . . "

"A pacifist would probably avoid using confrontive means to communicate to people, so I guess I couldn't be called a pacifist for those reasons. However, I think that to get certain messages across, you need a community of people trying to underline certain social conditions in a variety of different ways. I guess maybe that's where we fit in."

How did your break from the band affect your songwriting and/or the previous Sacred Cowboys sound and outlook?

"During the time that we weren't together as the Sacred Cowboys, Mark and Terry did a lot of stuff with a lot of people. They produced one of Ollie Olsen's records and did a lot of work with the Slaughtermen.

"During that time I was just writing lyrics. So this time 'round there's a completely different emphasis, set of observations and reference points and so putting us three together again has brought a new clarity to things, along with a more diverse range of experience, through Mark and Terry's work with other bands. So it's really lifted what we do in the studio. That's how it's changed, or *why* it's changed.

"The song 'Trouble From Providence' relates specifically to what went down with me during the break. It takes on auto-biographical aspects and the images in the song express a lot of different events which occurred. The actual song itself has that kinda restrained hostility, under-the-surface anger and Mark and Terry always seem to be able to capture — musically — whatever scenario that I come up with, so there's *that* power shifting through the music as well."

Do you think people often overlook the underlying humour of a lot of your songs?

"Well, sometimes there isn't any underlying humour".

But sometimes there is . . .

"Ah . . . I guess if people find humour in my irony, yeah. But I think that's only part of the story. I think there's some things that you just can't laugh at, no matter how you do it and there's other things that, naturally enough, do have a certain humour there . . . a certain wryness.

"People do miss out on a lot of things, but all that means is that you have to keep getting the idea across. Repetition."

That was one of Hitler's principles wasn't it? Keep it short, sharp and repetitious . . .

"Yeah," he says, with a glint in his eye and half a smile. "That's where I stole it from."

AFRIKA'S SCATTERLINGS

New York rap heavy AFRIKA BAMBAATAA on why you should heed the message

Afrika Bambaataa is a born leader. He may not fulfil the specifications for bona fide stardom, but his magnetic charisma, fertile mind and charming authority have made him the spiritual and organizational backbone of every project, scene and community he has been involved with.

A lover of knowledge and justice, with strong views and a gentle manner, he has campaigned endlessly in support of hip hop's more naive exponents and seen his peace-making gang — the Zulu Nation — sprouting branches all over the world.

Liking Bam is easy and when he decided that his debut album for EMI should be a bit of an event, his idols, peers and fans were queueing up to lend a hand. The resulting LP *The Light* is an hour-long conceptual epic — divided into a pop side (produced by Bill Laswell) — that spans everything from dancing and flirting to political prophets and world racial war.

Credited to Afrika Bambaataa And Family, it features an impressively improbable selection of guest performers: UB40, Boy George, Nona Hendryx, Jaki Graham, Cabaret Voltaire, Lizzie Tear, Yellowman, Sly & Robbie, Bootsy Collins, George Clinton, Bernard Fowler, Gary 'Mudbone' Cooper, Slug-go (members of The Soul Searchers), Tim Hutton, a string section and more.

If you're wondering whether Bam did anything more than make the tea, or whether *'The Light'* is anything more than a compilation, don't! Bam's role in all of his projects is that of a catalyst, a guide, a sonic sherpa if you like. His own bands rely on him for everything from beats and sounds to stage clothes and legal guidance, and here — working with independently established acts — he has been freed to exert an unusually strong control over the musical side. He co-produced and co-wrote every track, sang on most of them, wrote all the lyrics and had the idea in the first place. But what is the idea?

"*The Light* is a story of musical rebellion through the ages. It's about how the supreme one in all civilizations — whether you call him God, Allah, Jehovah, Ra, Jaweh — has missioned people to bring about change and awareness. There have always been messengers and prophets in music, who've always been radicals and revolutionaries in their changing times.

"Basically I'm a disciple (laughs), like Sly Stone — who said a lot of different things with his music — George Clinton, Prince and some hip hop acts. We're about keeping the thinking in dancing.

"If you look at the '60s, every kind of music carried songs that dealt with what was going on — love power. Vietnam, etc and if there hadn't been those message songs, some of the changes would probably not have happened. The '70s to me was what put people to sleep, the disco era when everyone was told that there was no more racism, plenty of jobs, etc, in the '80s racism is flourishing, jobs are down, a lote of hate groups and revolutionary movements are popping up, governments are doing really sick things, and it's generally a time for awareness again, for records that come out and speak back to the people. Singers and rappers have a duty to wake people up.

"Basically what I'm all about is dealing with truth and raising the world peace flag in '88, encouraging knowledge whether people like it or not. My records have always been messages, like 'Total Nuclear Destruction', 'Unity' and even 'Looking For The Perfect Beat', which a lot of people thought was about dancing, was about life. So now that I've travelled around the planet, seen a lot of things and people, there's no way I can sit back and make boogie records."

One of the Clinton songs, 'World Racial War', sounds a bit heavy.

"That's about what could happen if things don't change in South Africa. Blacks may get tired of being endlessly slaughtered and may start killing off whites in the rest of Africa, where blacks are in power. Then the racists in England, France and Germany won't stand for that, they'll start attacking black people in the streets, blacks in America will go crazy, and it'll be the end. Botha has already said he ain't giving up nothing', he's prepared to use nuclear weapons, he don't care what England says. Others will have to retaliate, and it'll be world nuclear war. There are all those tensions in the Gulf too, but a lot of people are sleeping on the predictions. If you go to France, they don't even wanna hear about Nostradamus."

What predictions?

"Like in 1988 or 9 man will become man-eater, there'll be famine, earthquakes. Like the Holy Koran and Elijah Muhammed, who warned America about forthcoming racial tensions. Or there's Louis Farrakhan, who a lot of people don't understand but like to quote out of context. He warned America in '85 about nationwide black/white conflicts, and no one paid him no mind. Next thing you know, in '86/7 there's Howard Beach, all that stuff in the Bronx with Little Italy, the cops in Illinois killing Michael Taylor, the KKK on the rise and the Aryan nation. And it happens from country to country. The return of the NF in Britain, fascists infiltrating French politics, Israel beating up the Palestinians.

"People have go to get around a table and sort themselves out. You can't say you're not going to talk to the PLO or IRA. Reagan talked to Gorbachev after calling Russia the world's biggest terrorist empire, but he won't talk to Gedaffy or Iman Kramini. That's hypocrisy, and then he lies to the American people about Libya bombing discos. Minister Farrakhan said it was all lies in '85, then they tried to stop him from going to Africa to speak to Gadaffy. How you gonna stop a black man from going back to his country."

Isn't Farrakhan anti-semitic, against the racial unity you espouse?

"He's spoken about Jewish people when what they're doing is wrong, he's never generalised about them as a people and I've heard tapes of his complete speeches. They said he called Judaism a gutter religion, which is simply a lie. The controllers of America's TV and newspapers edit his speeches to alter the meaning *a trick also used against non-conformist Jewish intellectuals like Gore Vidal.* They try to use propaganda against him, but they forget that this is a new age and time, black people aren't going for those same tricks they used years ago, and every time they speak against him, more people come to see him."

Bam has always been a unity and continuity man. Records like 'Planet Rock' may have broken the mould of street-funk/breakbeat-based hip hop, but he was never a musical radical or an upstart loner. His ideal, as reflected in his democratic work process, it to align himself and others with music's cycles, to slot into a historical continuity and forge links across the gaps of time and ego.

"Critics downrate all those benefit records, they go 'Oh no, here comes another', but I respect people who'll get together to help victims of hunger and AIDS. When was the last time you could see different artists together on one stage, helping each other, admitting that they're part of the human family?"

Bam still deejays whenever he can, at The World, The Limelight, at Village Voice parties, and has watched hip hop move from slow bragging to message electrofunk and from nasty rapping to the return of the faster 'Perfect Beat' sound and black awareness.

"I've always told people that hip hop was the most innovative music, 'cos you can do anything with it, use all the world's musical elements. Heavy Metal's still in and people are using '60s music too, like The Staple Singers, Sly Stone, Motown, etc."

Bam still answers every letter sent to him, and the Zulu Nation now has thousands of members in Spain, Hungary and Czechoslovakia.

Bam's offshoots Shango, Timezone and Soul Sonic Force all have records out in France where, amazingly for a country that sill clings religiously to greasy leather rock, he is massively popular.

"Last year we played in front of 300,000 people at the SOS anti-Racism festival and the press ate it up. I came onstage with 28 people of different races singing 'Unity' and then we went into Sly's 'Thankyou . . ' and all I could see was a sea of funk signs.

"I'd like to do a whole Timezone album with Johnny Rotten, 'cos I loved working with him so much. People said he was crazy, but he got real loose in the studio. He heard the track for 'World Destruction', just said 'this is some real heavy metal shit!' and started rapping a load of wild lyrics about the Queen that we had to leave off the record."

THE BIBLE:

touched by the hand of God?

When The Bible's first album *Walking The Ghosts Back Home* was released in Australia last year (it was issued in the UK by a Norwich independent called Backs in early '86) the band's name was tailed by an exclamation mark.

As in Wow! or Gosh! or even Wham!

Somehow, this seemed an appropriate conceit for a collection of songs so shamelessly melodic and so confidently performed. The British trade publication *Music Week* hailed it as a modern masterpiece alongside Patti Smith's *Horses* and Television's *Marquee Moon.*

Shy at such attention, the exclamation mark hid when the cover for their first single, the glorious "Mahlia" was designed.

Then the larger Chrysalis Records signed them up, and suddenly The Bible had gone back to being The Bible! for that was how the band was tagged when the new label issued "Graceland".

Alas, it failed to ignite the Oz charts.

Since then, the exclamation mark has vanished once again.

In any case, its appearance and disappearance does suggest that there's no religious connotations applied here...

"I'm a fallen Catholic" begins Tony Shepherd, somewhat mysteriously.

His co-partner Boo Hewedine smiles kindly on this aside but firmly decides to nip it in the bud.

"It was chosen more for its *collective* meaning, that spurious authority it can carry. *The Bible Of Pot Plants, The Bible Of Vitamins.* It suggests a collective wisdom, which seemed appropriate because we nicked a lot of styles."

"We get letters from angry born-again Christians" boasts Tony.

"No, we don't" hoots Neil MacColl.

"Well, we got *one*" Tony maintains defensively "from that loony in Cambridge who tears all our posters down."

"And then there were the Jehovah Witnesses who came to our gig in Oxford and sat at the back with their arms folded waiting" adds Boo.

Waiting for what?

"The end of the world, I suppose. But it didn't happen because we play such nice tunes."

Neill and his brother Callum used to be in a record company hype band called Roaring Days. The two also happen to be the sons of British folk legends Peggy Seeger and Ewan McColl.

Neill talks about them with a mixture of pride and embarassement and is somehow talked by the rest of the band into tellsing how his father came to write "The First Time Ever I Saw Your Face", his best known song, and which became a No. 1 smash for Roberta Flack in the '70s.

"It was in the late '50s, just after he'd met my mother. She'd come over from America but was refused entry to England and was living in Paris. One night she was doing a concert there and she rang him up.

"He wrote it over the phone to her in about ten minutes. Just like that, there it was — a song. And then it appeared again about 15 years later when Roberta Flack recorded it."

"It's a really moving story" says Boo shaking his head in wonderment. "And the song is so good, toom so simply perfect."

Now with their second LP *Eureka* just issued in Australia, The Bible prove themselves to be a fine pop group. Boo Hewerdine, with his Morrissey-type stage movements and thick-rimmed glasses is an engaging front man with a good voice and a quirky songwriting talent. Enough to keep him out of the limelight? What brought them together?

"Well, we's all been in various bands before this one, and when I got together with Tony I'd really accepted that I wasn't ever going to crack the big time. We just wanted to record some real honest-to-goodness songs that pleased us rather than any record company or our friends or whatever.

"I just want us to do something *good* — write songs that people will hear at home and go 'strewth, that was really something'.

"I suppose that's a bit of a lowly ambition nowadays, when you're supposed to want to change the world, but that's it . . . "

"We're Ye Olde Group, really" says Tony.

"As opposed to Ye Newe Band" completes Neill.

Iggy gets high, with a little help from his friends

IGGY POP
Instinct
(Festival)

This release marks the 20th year of James Osterberg's career in the music business. Defying all the morbid predictions that he wouldn't make it, while spanning all the myriad changes in music and style with the same basic formula; Jim is 41 years old, still called Iggy Pop, and still looking for a major hit record . . .

He may be the most enduring cult artist in the history of pop, but the man's got to eat! A worldwide fan club of hoodlums swopping Stooges' bootlegs and trading endless stories of Iggy's drug-addled adventures, has not made him a star. It's made him a middle-aged legend sitting broke on the side-lines watching generation after generation rip off the Iggy Pop formula.

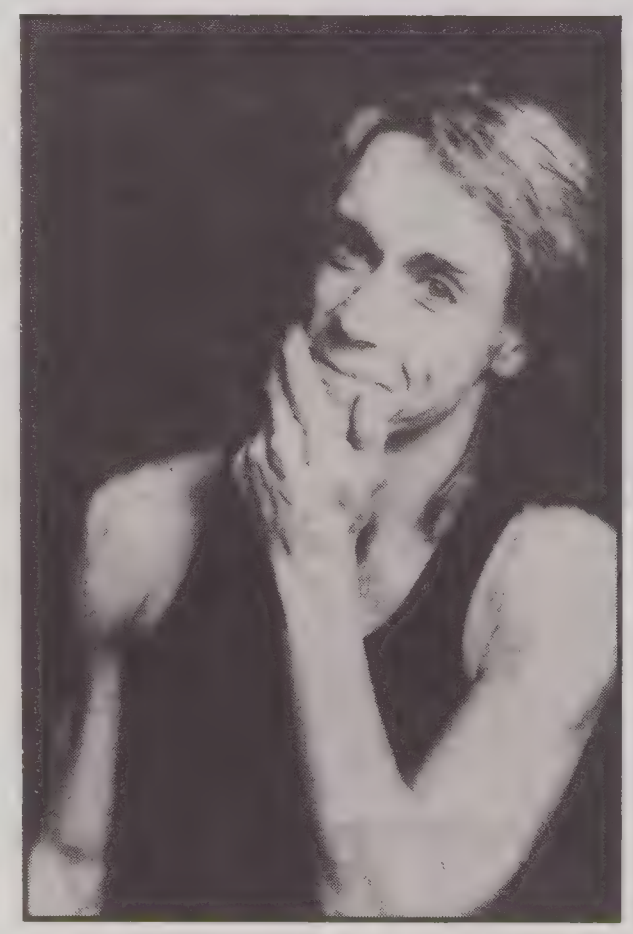
Having dipped his toe in commercial water with the Bowie-produced *Blah Blah Blah* LP, and tasted brief radio and TV approval with a single he didn't even write, Iggy, middle-aged but with a rebellion that is marvellously childish, decides that plastic crap isn't any fun and asks himself what it is that is missing? Answer: RAW POWER.

The aptly named *Instinct* owes nothing to the '80s except Bill Laswell's 'FM' production. "This album is really a culmination of everything I've done in the past," admits Iggy. Actually, it's a deliberate nod to one album, the earth-shattering *Raw Power.*

As *Raw Power* was as much Stooges' guitarist James Williamson's, Iggy has attempted to solve the problem of chemistry by bringing in ex-Pistols and ubiquitous 'axe-man', Steve Jones. Iggy's voice-proving that it wasn't drugs and decay which made it unique — at times echoes his performance on *Raw Power* to an uncanny degree.

Lyrically, Iggy is now light years away from the death trip of *Raw Power.* 'I'm getting high on you . . . " ('High On You'), sex chants to a 'Strong Girl', 'Tuff Baby', and a spot of considered social awareness ('Instinct', 'Power & Freedom'), won't scare anyone. The main problem for 'Raw Power' nostalgics is that Steve Jones' mad axe-merchant antics are way over the top. He apes James Williamson's style, but he lacks the economy which made Williamson and Pop/Williamson songs great.

Instinct is still an excellent album, with one track, 'Square Head' (co-written with Jones) worth the price alone. The lyrics say it all: "You can stuff hamburger in my hair. . . . You can say just do it, everyone is . . . You can tell me that it's just showbiz- . . . But I ain't gonna be no square head!"



— JANE SOLANAS

JOHN FARNHAM
Age Of Reason
(BMG/RCA)

Basically, sum it up like this. If you thought *Whispering Jack* was "You're The Voice" surrounded by some inoffensive but hip-sounding synth-funk trillings, then you'll want to pass *Age Of Reason* by. But, on the other hand, if you thought each track on *Whispering Jack* was a minor classic which changed your life forever, then you'd be heading off to the local record store right now.

Age Of Reason is impeccable and classy, but empty in places. It makes the right noises but at times you wish they'd spent more time in amassing a more melodic collection of songs. Farnham's backing band are clearly fine players but given too little chance to strut their stuff.

The story is that Farnham and producer Ross Fraser went through thousands of songs to come up with the ten here. For my money, the three standouts were written by three locals — the Todd Hunter — Johanna Piggot team's catchy "Age Of Reason", Noiseworks' "Listen To The Wind", a melancholic piece with Jon Stevens duetting and some fine piana work from David Hirschfelder, and Ross Wilson's "Where No Angels", a lovely song which allows Farnham to show off with some vocal acrobatics and an inspired arrangement to underline the poignancy of the words:

To have faith that life don't end
Always hoping for a second chance
To fulfil our desires
We go looking for a savior
When we fell into the fire
But we're no angels
We're no angels
I never said I was an angel

The rest of the tracks are archetypal Farnham fare — pleasant synth funk with pseudo-dramatic choruses that are bound to go down a storm with Farnham's easily impressed following. It's interesting that while Farnham's public persona is one of a good natured jokester with no political leanings, the songs he chooses are morbid "what is my life-/what's wrong with the world" type things which he simpers through with zest and little else.

Age Of Reason is a very commercial LP for Australia but aside from three or four tracks, Farnham has not wielded sufficient character to make his mark on Ross Fraser's production but just blends into the sweet immaculaty of it all.

— PETER WALSH

GEORGIA SATELLITES
Open All Night (WEA)
WALL OF VOODOO
The Ugly Americans in Australia
(CBS)

Two American records that tell the story from the viewpoint of a small town boy, quirks and all.

Open All Night builds on the great shows that Georgia Satellites played on their Oz tour. It's brilliant Southern boogie with Jack Daniels on its breath and a Confederate flag stuffed in its back pocket. This is what they gave us on their last LP, this is what they give us again — great riffs, whoop whoop guitars, and a greasy rhythm which keeps slamming against the brick wall.

The best two are the opening and closing tracks; appropriate bookends, as it were. "Cool Inside" and "Hand To Mouth" positively scream with energy, malt drenched, leaving you grinning insanely at the irresistibility of it all. Georgia Satellites leave a lot of loose ends untied as they steam belligerently across the grooves but it is this uncompromising rawness which makes this LP so essential.

Wall Of Voodoo's small town stories have never been sure if they're preaching the aw-shucks American Dream or sabotaging it with some of those weird unpleasant characters that lurks those vignettes. Losers and weirdos, they keep cropping up.

The band's early days saw them as a unique one, something which they've increasingly drifted from. Recorded live on their last tour, they show how they can cut it so well on "Red Light" and "Ring Of Fire" but it's ultimately their two classics "Mexican Radio" and "Far Side Of Crazy" which stand above everything else. Obviously the LP's an essential document for those who caught the shows but in terms of progression it's merely marking time.

— SIMON MAYNARD

UB 40
UB 40
(Virgin/EMI)

UB 40's records have never caught the sheer exhuberance and magnificence of some of their shows, but nevertheless, their vinyl works well enough. How skilfully they've jumped off the early straight ska style and moved into a poppier sound without losing the intensity and beauty of the music. When they covered "Red Red Wine" some years ago, I expected a backlash. Thankfully it didn't come.

This album, a soundtrack to their forthcoming *Dance With The Devil* keeps up their consistency. UB 40 are not swayed by fads and fashions, they keep along to their familiar sound, this time pushing the brass back a bit. The band knows its limitations and works within them: while it keeps things consistent it also makes some of the tracks a tad too slick for comfort.

Having not seen the movie, some of the tracks probably come across as one-dimensional. But two cuts, the beautiful love song "I Would Do For You" and the infectious "Cause It Isn't True", stand alongside some of the band's best moments.

— MARK CROMELIN

SINGLES

EDITED BY MARA SMARRELLI

THE SCORPIONS
Rhythm Of Love
(Mercury)

Operatic heavy rock I can also do without. Oh, the painful, torch-rendering delivery is one big yawn. Oh, well, it's a living for 'em, I guess! One can just picture the guitar hero's contorted facial gestures on those guitar solos.

NATALIE COLE
Everlasting (EMI)

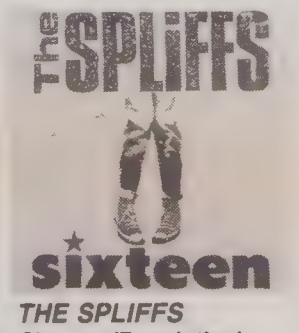
This should be a hit on the dance floors. Following her 'Pink Cadellac' single, 'Everlasting' sees Cole in a pensive, romantic mood. Music for love couples over 35.

BRIAN SETZER
When The Sky Comes Tumblin' Down (EMI)

Just as well Setzer (ex-Stray Cats vocalist) makes with his rockabilly geetar on this otherwise it would be pretty average. Like Cyndi Lauper's new one, Setzer's single runs on overload. Lots of female backing vocals and too much brass. But it's still got soul.

GRAHAM PARKER
Get Started, Start A Fire
(Liberation)

As an AOR number it ain't too bad but still it's not my cup of tea. Soft guitar strums and pleasant enough vocals. Very precise and careful. Taken from his *The Mona Lisa's Sister'* album.



THE SPLIFFS
Sixteen (Revolution)

More sugar cute pop from this Townsville 5 piece. Appealing, inoffensive tune with ringing guitars, punchy drumming and OK vocals. Average. Produced by Alan Thorne.

THE GENERATION
Black Is Black
(Makeshift)

As a 60s revivalist project (which is what this band is all about) the band have made a carbon copy of this 60s hit. The 'disco-beat' backing makes it a dance floor favorite. But if I had to choose, I'd rather the real McCoy thanks.

JOHNNY HATES JAZZ
Turn Back The Clock
(Virgin)

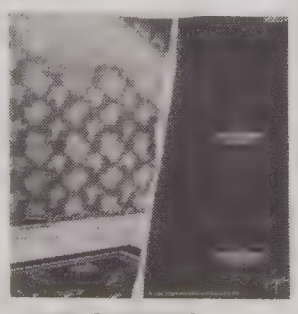
More synthesized programmed material from this UK combo. Slick, cool, slow, fashionable, and romantic. Radio loves it but I don't.

JAMES GRIFFIN
Suburbs Of The Heart
(Chase)

A piece of poetry put to music. James Griffin re-vamps this number he once performed in his old band of years ago, The Agents. As the title suggests, lyrics revolve around observations of suburban life. The country twang/harmonica/slide guitar provides an easy listening backdrop.

GUNS 'N' ROSES
Sweet Child O' Mine
(Geffen)

They look nasty on the cover and it has a guitar solo but it's pretty mellow. A heavy rock-ish number that takes you nowhere. The b-side is an improvement — a live recording from the Marquee, London.



LIME SPIDERS
The Other Side Of You
(Virgin)

Much prefer this to the previous 'Volatile" single. "Other Side Of You' has tempo, pace, and a build. Also has the thrust the Spiders are renowned for. The same goes for the b-side.

KINGS OF THE SUN
Serpentine (Mushroom)

Yeah! Scorching! Love the clip too. They wear tight pants and the lead singer "gives great hair" so what more do you want. A hard rockin', big drum sound and piercing guitar tune. Play loud. And how about the line — "If she ever gets horny-man-there's no tomorrow!" You gotta laugh!

THE GEORGIA SATELLITES
Open All Night (Elektra)

Title track to their album. More rockin' geetar twangs from the denim clad foursome that toured Australia last year. Much prefer this mob to Jason & The Scorchers — a band that's often muttered in the same breath.

CYNDI LAUPER
Hole In My Heart (Epic)

A busy littl' number this one. We've got Cyndi yelping, lots o' guitars and synthesizers — overwhelming. Still, this'll get played on the radio. It's pop and gloss with a twist.

Pretty in Providence

SACRED COWBOYS
Trouble From Providence (Citadel)
DIED PRETTY
Lost (Blue Mosque)

Although their critics mercilessly condemned them for what they perceived as hunting through the Birthday Party's waste paper basket in search of inspiration, the fact is in 1983-84 the Sacred Cowboys were the most unnervingly graphic example of unsmiling negativism since Radio Birdman. They were unquestionably the scariest damn thing I'd seen since The Scientists around the time of their *This Heart* . . . mini LP.

The Olympic Sideburns, the Cowboys' then contemporaries in Melbourne, were kinetic at all cardinal points and the Cowboys detested such physical flourishes. The Cowboys were sullen and vocalist and master-in-tauntmanship, Garry Gray was consumed by a desire for some omni-directional vengeance. Gray turned their negative stance into something more than asthetic value. It became a tool as significant as any guitar. Equally, in Gray's grip, tired old "let's rock" maxims became "I will let loose when I feel like it and ***You*** will wait" Smart bastard. I always did.

But despite the total fulfilment of all these essential requirements on stage, the Cowboys, unlike the Scientists, were largely unable to recreate their venom in the anticeptic confines of a studio. Their six track self titled debut came close but lacked that ragged urgency but a semi-live LP, *We Love You* missed the mark totally with one or two notable exceptions. The dilemma was of course that unlike the Stooges marriage to Charlie Parker that was the Fungus Brains, the Cowboys were about tapping a mood or more precisely, an ID and that is where *Trouble From Providence* holds the aces and a knowing smirk. It is one of the most implosive records released this year which is particularly significant as the Cowboys' most gripping work was more of an integral brooding nature than a public exorcism. Guitars grind and groan for equal time with sax, keyboards, synths and even sitars in and around Gray's deadpan I-dare-you vocals to create both a distinctive new signature for the Cowboys and at times almost the total attainment of their Suicide/Chilton vision that up until now they have only toyed with. Amongst it all Garry Gray's persona of ice cold authoritarian is etched into the music and drags it along with him. He reflects some elements of what I understood Richard Hell to be about over a decade ago.

There is a wide range of styles on *Providence* particularly on side one with "Hell Sucks" which is somewhat similar to the Velvets doing "Waiting For My Man", "Blood And Soil" a ragged country shuffle and "44 Blues" a slight retitle of Howlin' Wolf's "Forty Four" field holler. Each is indicative of ground scorched by the Cowboys in the past: The Velvets, country extremities and dark country blues. But it is side two that is the new age. "Sometimes" by the legendary Ollie Olsen has Gray seething through gritted teeth over an organ backdrop and punchy horn effects. Coupled with "Love Factory Blues" the pair make for rivetting if unsettling listening. Beginning with a synthesiser squall that continues to drone throughout, Chris Coyne blows a torrid sax break over a slow pulsating rhythm that sounds more like death march. The album closer, Jagger Richards morbid dirge "We Love You" is a masterpiece of tongue-in-cheek fatalism and all the ingredients are suitably wired for the occasion. A simplistic if not hypnotic guitar progression, bursts of Alladdine Sane sitar and the stinging guitar passages from the closing sequences of the Beatles' "All You Need Is Love" all heighten the force of the mantra, which threatens to dissolve into noise but never really does: that would have been too easy a way out. Thus the Cowboys' return LP ends with something all too few records ever touch upon these days: verve and arrogance. But then I guess they always had that.

Listening to Died Pretty's second album I'm struck by two things. Firstly, the stunning similarity between the non-denominational spirituality that Died Pretty have always managed to conjure up and what U2 did on records like the *Unforgettable Fire* and *The Joshua Tree* (rather unhip analogy eh?). Secondly, the sheer mind boggling consistency of their craft. The music of Died Pretty has no allegiance to any time zone of geographic base. It is purely music of and from a free spirit. The essence of Died Pretty therefore is by implication rather than concise definition. For years they have been the uncut jewel amongst the grubby social politics of inner Sydney, though those boundaries are extending rapdily. They offer up beauty instead of teen angst and learned classisism instead of thrash and come out of it all sounding intense, demanding and utterly essential. *Lost* is a further refinement of the Died Pretty though the mystery and fragility remain thankfully untouched (a factor that has also contributed to the success of REM). Ron Peno's trance born vocals and Brett Myers who orchestrates proceedings with his economical fretwork, seem constantly out witting any emotional loss that crafting process usually entails. When Peno sings *"It's something I don't talk about too much"* on the title track you know the man is inspired and not about to betray his mystic mandate. Throughout this record keyboard player Frank Brunetti does the most wonderful things with only a fist full of notes. He set both the mode and the mood and is at the epicentre of Died Pretty's essential atmospherics.

Typically, *Lost* is a collection of simple open-ended themes that pose questions they have no intention of answering. Equally it shows that Died Pretty musically continue to know no

● Sacred Cowboys' Garry (pic by Byron Smith)

bounds. Brett Myers has asserted that he desired strings on a few tracks and listening to the heart retching "Springenfall" with Peno breathing *"I love you in the spring I will love you in the fall"* as the band rise to meet him, the tought of a string section is a thrilling one. "Winterland" is the other extreme: fevered music with St. Vitus Dance rhythm. "As Must Have" is a spare reading by Peno with only an acoustic guitar for company and security: the studio must have been dimly lit when this was put down. "Out Of My Hands" has Myers handling vocal duties and showing that few can sound so wonderfully *alive* and exuberant as Died Pretty despite all the unblinking intensity of their other work.

Despite his passion for — and fascination with — Verlaine, Reed and Quine, Brett Myers is establishing himself as a guitarist unique in his own right. His work on "Caesar's Cold" is extraordinary. He hammers the instrument coaxing beauty and feedback from it as Tim Fagan's sax honks madly in the background before the pair blend in harmony. While the bulk of the LP has strived for and achieved an almost symphonic elegance, "Free Dirt" at the end of side two strips away the instrumentation and the grand gestures and puts into place the most bare emotive elements with Don Walker's piano and a lovely after midnight duet between Myers and Astrid Munday. In 1988 few records leave me breathless and exhilarated. *Lost* does both.

With records like this the legitimacy of your Ice Houses-/James Reynes/Party Boys simply has to be called into question.

MURRAY ENGLEHEART

JOE STRUMMER
Walker — The Original Motion Picture Soundtrack (Virgin/EMI)

Alex Cox's latest movie may have its share of problems but the soundtrack is definitely not one of them.

Seeing Joe Strummer, garage warrior and punk sellout, rehabilitated as rocker par excellence in a temporary pre-Christmas Pogues line-up was one of last year's genuinely moving heartwarming happenings. And this record is the affirmative payback, proof that sentimental tears were not shed in vain.

Using a cast of 16 musicians the soundtrack was recorded in San Francisco but it's obviously a result of his time in Nicaragua where he acted in *Walker,* soaking up the atmosphere, putting it into music.

You may be a little stunned and staggered at first (I was), to find the man with the demon bark and three chord bite has composed every note here. But, from lustrous samba, percussion, through flamenco horns and country inflections, it's all gorgeously effective and superbly detailed. Crikey, whoever though old Joe would be a worthy labelmate to Uncle Ennio Morricone?

Perhaps the chance to stretch out was what he's always lacked, certainly the new set-up serves well his delirious dreams of western imagery, unites them with an intuitive grasp of things ethnic (!) and a pervasive warmth and humanity. One of only three vocal performances 'The Unknown Immortal' tells the tale of a forgotten soldier. Where past Strummer set-ups would have had it gnarled and browbeating here its plaintive and shrewdly resonant. Elsewhere the horns have a manic charge and zip on the self explanatory 'Sandstorm' while 'Machete' is all pounding heartbeats, raw syncopation and an undertow of tension.

It's an album of contrasting moods, purveyed with empathy and attained with the minimum of fuss — 'Nica Libre' is an open rejoice 'Tennessee Rain' a country cajun lament while the spartan piano spine tingles and unsettling offbeat perfectly conveys 'The Brooding Side Of Madness'.

Deftly poignant and haunting 'Latin Romance' acts as a blueprint for all the love songs he never got to write before but will hopefully nurture in the future. Drink a toast to a fine compadre, one copy of *Walker* will wipe away the bad memories of a thousand *Sandinistas.*

— GAVIN MARTIN

DEPRESSION
Thrash Till Death — Studio Tapes (Cleopatra)
HOBBS' ANGEL OF DEATH
Angel Of Death (Steamhammer)
NOTHING SACRED
Let Us Prey (Cleopatra)

With so many jumping on the Thrash bandwagon, it's increasingly hard to find decent albums in the mire. How will these three from Melbourne stack up?

Depression were probably the first in Mel-

• **Hobbs' Angel Of Death.**

bourne to be adventurous enough to start blurring punk and metal, getting slagged off by both sides! But they've survived and in high spirits too, judging from the great chugging riffs spewing out through the speakers. The songs don't break any new ground but there's at least a feeling that the songs were thought about and *written* rather than the usual Thrash impression where everything was thrown up for a mid-air collision.

Lyrically there's the mix of over-used post holocaust nonsense, ordinary Metal nonsense and a couple of slices of social comment. It's pretty intense stuff except for cuts like "Instrumental" which show off more space and time signatures.

Hobbs' Angel Of Death had already scored a European release before they recorded this, hence the jackhammering of the 'evil' theme throughout and the yukilly Australiana inner sleeve of the band in a kangaroo enclosure. If I was King Kanga and a group of ugly leatherheads invaded my pitch I'd be thumping heads, not lying there looking bored. The guitars sound tough throughout but with such an obsession with song titles like "Jack The Ripper", "Crucifixion", "Brotherhood", "House Of Death", "Satan's Crusade" and "Lucifer's Domain" it becomes a bit one-dimensional. But there's no doubt they'll pick up some kind of following both here and overseas.

What happened to **Nothing Sacred**? Live, their sound is thick with massive slabs of guitar motored along by hammering drums and some good hooks in the songs. But on *Let Us Prey,* they seemed to have become too daunted by the studio. We have a serious power loss here and the music comes across as empty, compared to the kind of records in the style that it'll be put up against. There's a touch of token acoustic in "The Dark" to demonstrate how varied they can be, but on vinyl, Nothing Sacred fail to impress.

— BRIAN JONES

HUGH CORNWALL
Wolf (Virgin/EMI)

Why do fading punks-cum-rock stars keep hanging around like this? The Strangler churns out a fairly insipid solo set which was desperately to be picked up by AM radio, which tries to sell old Hugh to the new video generation through MTV and The Factory.

It's mellow stuff, produced by Cornwall and Ian Ritchie. He brings in the Clive Langer-Alan Winstanley team for "Never Never" and "Another Kind Of Love" only to sound like Heaven 18 . . . and a bad Heaven 17 at that.

Next time your favourite punk tells you about a solo project, knock him out cold.

— ROBBIE COATES

WIN! 3 LP REGGAE PACK!

In the last two months Reggae has made an impact on mainstream radio. No less than three reggae artists are scoring airplay action. So this week *Juke,* in conjunction with Virgin records, is giving new reggae fans the chance to listen to the LPs of these artists.

The three LPs are: *Maxi,* by Maxi Priest, *Conscious Party* by Ziggy Marley and the Melody Makers and UB40's new self-titled disc.

We have six packs to give away.

For a chance to win, just write and tell us the name of Ziggy Marley's current hit single. Write your answer on the back of an envelope and send it to:

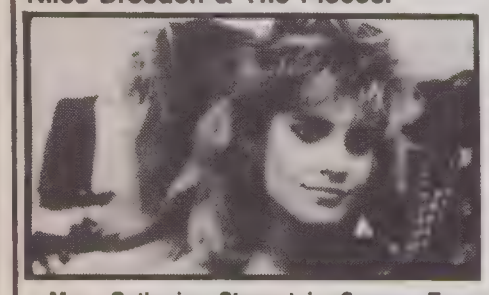
REGGAE PACK COMPETITION
JUKE MAGAZINE,
P.O. BOX 628E,
MELBOURNE, 3001

VIDEOS...VIDEOS...

Scenes From The Goldmine

Starring: Mary Catherine Stewart, Cameron Dye, Steve Railsback (Filmpac)

Debi DiAngelo (Mary Catherine Stewart) is a sweet little rich girl from Beverly Hills, she's also a gifted songwriter/singer who joins a promising new L.A. band called Niles Dresden & The Pieces.



• **Mary Catherine Stewart in *Scenes From The Goldmine.***

Other members of the group are Niles (Cameron Dye), a smooth and charming character who would sell his own grandmother if it meant having a number one single; Harry (Steve Railsback), as Miles' brother and manager and Lee Ving, John Ford Coley and Timothy B. Schmidt — all recording artists in their own right.

Scenes From The Goldmine is a rock and roll story focusing on the bands journey to success. It includes all those obvious ingredients which you would expect to see in a film of this type, sex, drugs, etc. Unfortunately, it doesn't include any originality which should have been the prerequisite. One redeeming feature of the film is the music of Bryan Adams and Jim Vallance which livens up pace.

The film attempts to show the negative side to the music industry and relationships and does so to a certain extent, but fails to capture the reality of situations — it's all a bit to glossy.

Fragments of *Scenes From The Goldmine* have potential, but it's not a mine of entertainment or information. **— DEBRA NICHOLDS**

Can't Buy Me Love

Starring: Patrick Dempsey, Amanda Peterson (Touchstone)

Ronald Miller is determined to upgrade his social standing at senior high school as he's sick of being a 'social leper'.

For $1,000, Cindy Mancini, the school's head cheerleader and most popular girl at school, pretends to date Ronald for one month. A little hair mousse, a few oversized jackets, upturned collars and nearness to Cindy catapults Ronald to superstardom. Overnight Ronald goes from totally nerd to totally turd.

When Cindy unveils his scam in front of everybody Ronald learns, the hard way, that popularity isn't everything. That loves comes to those . . . puke . . . who are true to themselves, that friendship is golden . . .yawn . . .and that leading is always better than . . . burp . . . following.

Well here it is, what you all haven't been waiting for, another teen film. This one, titled *Can't Buy Me Love* introduced Patrick Dempsey to the screen as head of the 'nerd herd' in a role which also teachers us a lesson in popularity.

I found this film so full of moral warnings, I assumed it was sponsored by the Christian Television Association. The only surprise was the fact that it took over $32 million at the box office in America; I suspect it shall enjoy similar success on video.

Can't Buy Me Love exploits the teen theme once again and of course, nothing varies except the characters and the morality lectures. This is definitely not for the over 18's.

— DEBRA NICHOLDS

Roy Orbison & Friends

A Black & White Night (Virgin)

In the post Live Aid world of pop, superstar collaborations are commonplace. Phil Collins drums with Eric Clapton, Eric strums with Dire Straits and Midge Ure will get on a stage with *anybody*.

And though not particularly impressive in the first place, they pale into *total* insignificance next to his monochrome masterpiece. The Big O's lonely blue world framed in black and white, with a little help from his "friends".

The chums in question represent the finest collection of restrained egos in popular music today. T-Bone Burnett does a sterling job as musical director and it can only be a matter of time before he catapults from cult status to stardom.

And look at the people he has to keep in check — Elvis Costello blowing harp and strumming an acoustic guitar, Tom Waits tinkling the occasional ivory and Bruce Springsteen contributing another six string and *lots* of duet vocals.

The heavenly choir of Orbison angles include Jackson Brown, Steven Soles, JD Souther, kd Lang and Jennifer Warnes and the eagle-eyed viewer can spot the odd celeb in the invited audience as well (no names here, I won't spoil it for you).

It's basically an hour's worth of Roy's greatest hits ('Only The Lonely', 'Uptown', 'Crying') but one of the highlights is Orbison's rendition of 'The Comedians', the Costello song which first surfaced on Declan's "Goodbye Cruel World".

Orbison transforms a fairly basic album filler into a sweeping statement of loneliness in despair, building to a climactic crescendo not unlike his own 'Running Scared'.

A Black & White Night is a fitting companion to Virgin's other '. . . and Friends' video, which starred Carl Perkins, assisted by Eric Clapton (aaaarrgh! him again!), George Harrison, Ringo Starr and Dave Edmunds.

More heart-warming than a whole series of *This Is Your Life* this cassette represents a marvellous tribute to one of the greatest singers and songwriters of what Casey Kasem calls the "rock era". **— TERRY STAUNTON**

FILMS...FILMS...FI

A Chong way to the top . . .

Tommy Chong, without his comic partner Richard (Cheech) Marin, will write, direct and star in a new film called *Far Out Man.*

The film follows the usual druggy humor vein used in past Cheech & Chong movies, but will include many members of his own family.

His wife Shelby Fiddis, daughters Rae Dawn Chong and Robbi and sons Paris and Gilbraun will star in *Far Out Man* as themselves. In addition, Rae Dawn's boyfriend, actor C. Thomas Howell has been signed for a supporting role.

"I'm using my family," says Chong, "because there's a comic aspect to just about everything they do. Believe it or not, the film will be a sort of semi-documentary."

★ ★ ★

Singer, Curtis Mayfield, is working on the music for *The Return Of Superfly,* the sequel to the original film in 1972.

Mayfield also wrote the score for the first film. He has hired the British reggae act Steel Pulse and a rap group from New York to work on the sequel music.

The film will pick up where the original left off, with the main character's drug-dealing past behind him.

The sequel gets underway in New York City for an eight week shoot in August, on a budget of less than $5 million.

★ ★ ★

Larry Wilcox, best remembered as the co-star in TV's *Chips,* moves onto the film arena when his production company starts work on six new features later this year.

The first project, which Wilcox will co-produce, is *Broken Chain,* a suspense thriller scripted by Frank Saperstein. Next up is *Forced Justice,* which is the story of a prison escape. Wilcox will direct on this one, which will be shot in Dallas and Mexico.

The third film is *Damnation Express,* a thriller to be made in August on a $2.5 million budget. Oliver Reed and Richard Harris have been signed as co-leads and shooting will take place in Southwest Africa and Kenya.

Charles Durning will co-star in the $2 million *Snowchase,* an action-suspense story and Wilcox will again co-produce on his company's fifth project, *Dark Blue.* It's a suspense drama about two cops in love with the same woman.

The last feature is a comedy, called *Marriage Academy,* which goes into production is Los Angeles in September.

★ ★ ★

Jacqueline Bisset has been signed for a leading role in a new Hollywood movie called *Scenes From The Class Struggle In Beverly Hills,* which goes into production on August 8.

The film, to be directed by Paul Bartel, also stars Ray Sharkey, Mary Woronov and Robert Beltran.

Jim Katz, who produced the Divine/Lainie Kazan film *Lust In The Dust,* will produce the comedy, which as been scripted by Bruce Wagner and Bartel.

★ ★ ★

Turner Network Television in the US is about to start work on a four hour mini-series about Michaelangelo and his relationship with fellow artists Raphael and Leonardo DaVinci.

It's one of the four major projects the company plans for the coming year. It will also go into production with *The Finish Line,* a telemovie about an athlete who dies from steroid use.

The Billy The Kid Story, written by Gore Vidal, is also slated for screening in 1989, along with a six-hour mini-series called *The Story Of Captain Cook.*

A remake of the 1964 film, 36 hours and sequels to *An American In Paris,* and *The Time Machine,* based on the H.G. Wells story of the same name, are also planned.

• **Tommy Chong**

★ ★ ★

BITS: Producers **Gene Kirkwood** and **John Hyde** have purchased the rights to **Jackie Collins'** latest best seller, *Rock Star,* which they intend turning into a feature film . . . After 10 years as a director, **Sidney Poitier** makes his acting comeback in *Deadly Pursuit* . . . After big successes with *Platoon* and *Wall Street,* director **Oliver Stone** is making another film about Vietnam, called *Born On The Fourth Of July,* starring **Tom Cruise** . . . **Leslie Caron** plays **Coco Chanel** in the TV mini-series *The Man Who Stayed At The Ritz,* currently in production in Paris . . . **Joanne Whalley,** who starred in the ABC's *The Singing Detective,* gets to play **Christine Keeler** in the London film *Scandal,* based on the Profumo affair.

WORDS...ROCKWORDS...WORDS...ROC

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L	I	E	I	E	K	O	O	Y	T	U	B	B	E
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X	W	G	C	A	N	W	U	E	I	G	A	I	N
I	Z	I	P	S	D	I	W	S	L	L	E	S	S
Q	Q	E	E	R	K	A	D	E	L	E	G	I	B
L	O	R	F	E	I	M	M	I	U	O	H	I	R
X	X	O	I	R	A	N	N	S	A	I	A	I	A
Q	E	F	J	H	C	A	C	A	O	H	R	E	M
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F	I	I	O	E	O	E	Q	E	H	I	D	E	A
S	P	R	I	N	G	S	T	E	E	N	U	U	T

All you need to do is find and circle the words (they can run upwards, backwards, diagonally, etc.) and the first three correct entries received will win a six-month subscription to Juke. NB Current subscription holders are ineligible.

1. John (surname?) unveiled his new band at the Brisbane Expo last week in a show televised live on national TV.

2. (Group?) have had to deny rumours that they have split up, following months of inactivity.

3. Big (group's second name?) will be playing their first Australian dates for three months, when they kick off a national tour in Melbourne on August 7.

4. (Name?) looks set to turn his back on America and move his entire operation to Europe later this year.

5. Hoodoo Gurus have just played their final gig with bassist Clyde (surname?)

6. Former Bad Seed member, Barry (surname?) was rushed to hospital after being beaten up during a Bad Seed gig in London.

7. Bruce (surname?) is to be a father — his current girlfriend, Patti Scialfa is expecting.

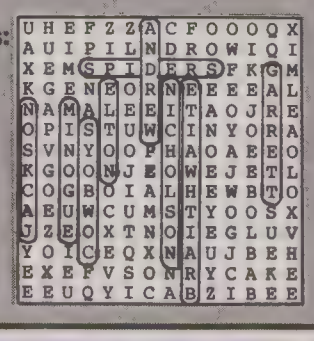
8. Sydney band (first name?) Chainsaws are back in the studio again for a September issue of a 6-track 12".

9. Prime Minister Bob Hawke has asked Sydney singer-/songwriter Eric (surname?) to write a song about the planned treaty with Kooris.

10. Because of (christian name?) Conway's involvement in Pete Townshend's next LP, Do Re Mi's return from London has been delayed.

Last week's answers:

Andrew
Braithwaite
Cowboys
Elton
Garrett
Jackson
Minogue
Nicholson
Page
Spiders



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JUKE OZ CHARTS

SINGLES

1	1	**AGE OF REASON, John Farnham**	**BMG/RCA**
2	3	**BETTER BE HOME SOON, Crowded House**	**EMI**
3	2	**GOT TO BE CERTAIN, Kylie Minogue**	**Mushroom/Fest**
4	17	**SIMPLY IRRESISTIBLE, Robert Palmer**	**EMI**
5	5	**WHAT A WONDERFUL WORLD, Louis Armstrong**	**Festival**
6	4	PERFECT, Fairground Attraction	BMG/RCA
7	8	MOTOR'S TOO FAST, James Reyne	EMI
8	10	UNDERNEATH THE RADAR, Underworld	WEA
9	6	FAST CAR, Tracy Chapman	WEA
10	13	WANNA BE UP, Chantoozies	Mushroom/Fest
11	7	I WANT YOU BACK, Bananarama	Liberation/CBS
12	22	FAT, Weird Al Yankovic	PolyGram
13	9	THE FLAME, Cheap Trick	CBS
14	18	MAN WITH A GUN, Jerry Harrison	PolyGram
15	14	NEW SENSATION, INXS	WEA
16	11	DROP THE BOY, Bros	CBS
17	15	I DON'T WANT TO GO ON WITH YOU LIKE THAT, Elton John	PolyGram
18	19	DON'T BE CRUEL, Cheap Trick	CBS
19	22	DON'T GO, Hothouse Flowers	PolyGram
20	16	PINK CADDILLAC, Natalie Cole	EMI
21	12	BLUE MONDAY '88, New Order	Violition/CBS
22	—	I SAW HER STANDING THERE, Tiffany	WEA
23	—	ROLL WITH IT, Steve Winwood	Virgin/EMI
24	25	BOYS (Summertime Love) Sabrina	PolyGram
25	23	NOTHIN' BUT A GOOD TIME, Poison	Liberation/CBS

ALBUMS

1	—	**AGE OF REASON, John Farnham**	**BMG/RCA**
2	—	**KYLIE, Kylie Minogue**	**Mushroom/Fest**
3	1	**TEMPLE OF LOW MEN, Crowded House**	**EMI**
4	2	**'88 KIX ON, Various Artists**	**PolyGram**
5	4	TRACY CHAPMAN, Tracy Chapman	WEA
6	11	PUSH, Bros	CBS
7	3	WOW, Bananarama	Liberation/CBS
8	5	RICHARD MARX, Richard Marx	EMI
9	7	GOOD MORNING VIETNAM, Original Soundtrack	Festival
10	18	OPEN UP AND SAY AAH, Poison	Liberation/CBS
11	17	LIVE 1980-86, JOE JACKSON	Festival
12	10	ROLL WITH IT, Steve Winwood	Virgin/EMI
13	8	OU812, VAN HALEN	WEA
14	14	CASUAL GODS, Jerry Harrison & The Casual Gods	PolyGram
15	6	HITPIX '88 VOL 2, Various Artists	EMI
16	9	TIFFANY, Tiffany	WEA
17	12	REG STRIKES BACK, Elton John	PolyGram
18	13	TOUR OF DUTY, TV Soundtrack	CBS
19	15	INTRODUCING THE HARDLINE ACCORDING TO, Terence Trent D'Arby	CBS
20	22	LAP OF LUXURY, Cheap Trick	CBS
21	16	BONK, Big Pig	Mushroom/Fest
22	19	SCENES FROM THE SOUTH SIDE, Bruce Hornsby & The Range	BMG/RCA
23	21	KICK, INXS	WEA
24	23	STRINGER, Kate Ceberano & Wendy Matthews	Festival
25	25	MONSOON, Little River Band	WEA

ALTERNATIVELY

SINGLES

1	**REPTILE, The Church**	**Mushroom**
2	**LIT BY THE FUSE, Ups & Downs**	**Mushroom**
3	**TOWERS OF STRENGTH, Died Pretty**	**Blue Mosque**
4	**TOO MANY CLUES, Ed Kuepper**	**True Tone**
5	**TROUBLE FROM PROVIDENCE, Sacred Cowboys**	**Citadel**
6	THE MERCY SEAT, Nick Cave	Mute
7	WHEN THERE'S THIS PARTY, Ed Kuepper	True Tone
8	FEAR, Exploding White Mice	Greasy Record Co.
9	ATMOSPHERE, Joy Division	Factory
10	BACK ON THE BREADLINE, Hunters & Collectors	White
11	JENNY'S WAKE, Trilobites	Waterfront
12	THE OTHER SIDE OF YOU, Lime Spiders	Virgin
13	SWIM TO SHORE, Hummingbirds	Phantom
14	MOTORBIKIN', The Johnnys	Mushroom
15	JOHN BONHAM'S COKE ROADIE, This Is Serious Mum	Elvis
16	NO WARNING, Toys Went Berserk	Aberrant
17	SIXTEEN, The Spliffs	Revolution
18	I THINK I LOVE YOU, Ratcat	Waterfront
19	HARD FOR YOU, The Butcher Shop	Black Eye
20	DOCTORIN' THE TARDIS, Time Lords	RCA
21	FINAL ASSAULT, The Rocks	Waterfront
22	PEOPLE HAVE THE POWER, Patti Smith	Arista
23	BICYCLE THIEVES, Captain Cocoa	Rampant
24	LOOKING FORWARD TO DESTROY, Mad Turks From Istanbul	Greasy Record Co.
25	WET BLANKET, The Chills	Flying Nun

ALBUMS

1	**HINDSIGHT, The Church**	**EMI**
2	**EVERYBODY'S GOT TO, Ed Kuepper**	**True Tone**
3	**THE NOT SO LUCKY COUNTRY, Various Artists**	**Reactor**
4	**LOST, Died Pretty**	**Blue Mosque**
5	**HARD TO BEAT, Various Artists**	**Au Go Go**
6	RAMONES MANIA, The Ramones	WEA
7	NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL QUITE GOOD, The Housemartins	Festival
8	BARBED WIRE KISSES, Jesus & Mary Chain	WEA
9	'78-'81, The Hitmen	Survival
10	LONELY MR HAPPY, Deadly Hume	Phantom
11	TROUBLE FROM PROVIDENCE, Sacred Cowboys	Citadel
12	INTO THE VOID, Vicious Circle	Waterfront
13	THE LEATHER DONUT, Various Artists	Black Eye
14	OUT, Happy Hate Me Nots	Waterfront
15	PADDOCK OF LOVE, Lubricated Goat	Black Eye
16	THE ENERGETIC COOL, Bachelors From Prague	3333
17	WHATEVER, The Dough Boys	MTL
18	VOLATILE, Lime Spiders	Virgin
19	ROARING DAYS, Wedding Parties Anything	WEA
20	SUBSTANCE, Joy Division	Factory
21	FOUR OF A KIND, D.R.I.	Metal Blade
22	LABYRINTH, The Moffs	Citadel
23	THE HOUSE OF LOVE, House Of Love	Creation
24	STRAIGHT EDGE HOLOCAUST, Where's The Pope	Reactor
25	I AM CURIOUS, Curious Yellow	Red Eye

Compiled with the assistance of Jetts (Independent Sales), Kent, Umbrella, and Waterfront Records.

Metal

1	**OPEN UP AND SAY . . . AHH, Poison**	**(CBS)**
2	**OPERATION MINDCRIME, Queensryche**	**(EMI)**
3	**NO PLACE FOR DISGRACE, Flotsam & Jetsam**	**(Roadrunner)**
4	**THEM, King Diamond**	**(Roadrunner)**
5	**THE NEW ORDER, Testament**	**(Megaforce)**
6	**SO FAR, SO GOOD, SO WHAT, Megadeth**	**(EMI)**
7	**LITA, Lita Ford**	**(WEA)**
8	**ODYSSEY, Yngwie J. Malmsteen's Rising Force**	**(PolyGram)**
9	**BIERMACHT, Weirmacht**	**(New Renaissance)**
10	**RAM IT DOWN, Judas Priest**	**(CBS)**

● *Courtesy Metal For Melbourne Records*

Clubland

1	**THE ONLY WAY IS UP, Yazz & The Plastic Population**
2	**REACH OUT I'LL BE THERE '88, F. Valli & The Four Seasons**
3	**ALL OF ME, Sabrina**
4	**I'M A BOY WATCHER, Christine Day**
5	**PUMP UP LONDON, Mr Lee**
6	**PLAZA DEL SOL, Gypsy & Queen**
7	**CATCH ME IF YOU CAN, Karen Michelle**
8	**YOU'VE GOT THE POWER, Larabell**
9	**WHEN I LOOK INTO YOUR EYES, Pretty Poison**
10	**WILD THING, Nick John**

● *Courtesy Central Station Records, Melbourne*

Videos

1	**THE RUNNING MAN**	**(Roadshow)**
2	**INNER SPACE**	**(Warner Bros)**
3	**THROW MOMMA FROM THE TRAIN**	**(RCA Columbia)**
4	**ROBO COP**	**(RCA Columbia)**
5	**NO RETREAT, NO SURRENDER 2**	**(Filmpac)**
6	**PROJECT X**	**(CBS Fox)**
7	**EVIL DEAD 2**	**(CBS Fox)**
8	**NO WAY OUT**	**(RCA Columbia)**
9	**JAWS - THE REVENGE**	**(CIC-Taft)**
10	**THE TIME GUARDIAN**	**(Filmpac)**

●*Courtest Movieland*

Fab Kiwi band The Chills make their mark on the Alternative charts

CHARTS

USA

SINGLES

1	2	**POUR SOME SUGAR ON ME, Def Leppard**	**Mercury**
2	1	**THE FLAME, Cheap Trick**	**Epic**
3	7	**HOLD ON TO THE NIGHT, Richard Marx**	**EMI/Manhattan**
4	6	**ROLL WITH IT, Steve Winwood**	**Virgin**
5	3	**NEW SENSATION, INXS**	**Atlantic**
6	4	MERCEDES BOY, Pebbles	MCA
7	5	DIRTY DIANA, Michael Jackson	Epic
8	10	HANDS TO HEAVEN, Breathe	A&M
9	11	MAKE ME LOSE CONTROL, Eric Carmen	Arista
10	13	SIGN YOUR NAME, Terence Trent D'Arby	Columbia
11	12	RUSH HOUR, Jane Wiedlin	EMI/Manhattan
12	8	NITE AND DAY, Al B. Sure!	Uptown/Warner
13	17	1-2-3, Gloria Estefan & The Miami Sound Machine	Epic
14	9	FOOLISH BEAT, Debbie Gibson	Atlantic
15	15	LOST IN YOU, Rod Stewart	Warner Bros
16	18	DO YOU LOVE ME? The Contours	Motown
17	19	I DON'T WANNA LIVE WITHOUT YOUR LOVE, Chicago	Reprise/Warner
18	20	PARENTS JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND, D.J. Jazzy Jeff & The Fresh Prince	Jive/RCA
19	22	I DON'T WANNA GO ON WITH YOU LIKE THAT, Elton John	MCA
20	21	PARADISE, Sade	Epic
21	25	JUST GOT PAID, Johnny Kemp	Columbia
22	23	COLOUR OF LOVE, Billy Ocean	Jive/Arista
23	14	MAKE IT REAL, The Jets	MCA
24	—	LOVE WILL SAVE THE DAY, Whitney Houston	Arista
25	—	MONKEY, George Michael	Columbia

ALBUMS

1	1	**OU812, Van Halen**	**Warner Bros**
2	4	**HYSTERIA, Def Leppard**	**Mercury**
3	5	**APPETITE FOR DESTRUCTION, Guns And Roses**	**Geffen**
4	7	**TRACEY CHAPMAN, Tracy Chapman**	**Elektra**
5	2	**FAITH, George Michael**	**Columbia**
6	6	STRONGER THAN PRIDE, Sade	Epic
7	3	DIRTY DANCING, Original Motion Picture Soundtrack	RCA
8	15	ROLL WITH IT, Steve Winwood	Virgin
9	9	SCENES FROM THE SOUTHSIDE, Bruce Hornsby & The Range	RCA
10	8	OPEN UP AND SAY . . . AHH! Poison	Enigma
11	11	INTRODUCING THE HARDLINE ACCORDING TO, Terence Trent D'Arby	Columbia
12	12	MORE DIRTY DANCING, Original Motion Picture Soundtrack	RCA
13	10	TOUGHER THAN LEATHER, Run D.M.C.	Profile
14	13	NOW AND ZEN, Robert Plant	Es Paranza
15	14	LET IT LOOSE, Gloria Estefan & Miami Sound Machine	Epic
16	16	IN EFFECT MODE, Al B. Sure!	Uptown/Warner
17	18	HE'S THE DJ, I'M THE RAPPER, DJ Jazzy Jeff & The Fresh Prince	Jive
18	17	SAVAGE AMUSEMENT, Scorpions	Mercury
19	20	LAP OF LUXURY, Cheap Trick	Epic
20	19	LOVESEXY, Prince	Paisley Park
21	22	PEBBLES, Pebbles	MCA
22	23	KICK, INXS	Atlantic
23	25	DIESEL AND DUST, Midnight Oil	Columbia
24	—	OUTRIDER, Jimmey Page	Geffen
25	21	BAD, Michael Jackson	Epic

UK

SINGLES

1	1	**NOTHING'S GONNA CHANGE MY LOVE FOR YOU, Glenn Medeiros**	**London**
2	2	**DIRTY DIANA, Michael Jackson**	**Epic**
3	4	**I DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT, Everything But The Girl**	**Blanco Y Negro**
4	10	**I WANT YOUR LOVE, Transvision Vamp**	**MCA**
5	3	**PUSH IT/TRAMP, Salt 'n' Pepa**	**London**
6	12	FOOLISH BEAT, Debbie Gibson	Atlantic
7	—	YOU CAME, Kim Wilde	MCA
8	—	SUPERFLY GUY, S-Express	Rhythm King
9	9	MONKEY, George Michael	Epic
10	5	—ROSES ARE RED, Mac Band	MCA
11	14	LOVE BITES, Def Leppard	Bludgeon Riffola
12	6	FAST CAR, Tracy Chapman	Elektra
13	7	THE TWIST (YO TWIST), Fat Boys & Chubby Checker	Urban
14	—	THE ONLY WAY IS UP, Yazz And The Plastic Population	Big Life
15	17	TOMORROW PEOPLE, Ziggy Marley And The Melody Makers	Virgin
16	8	I OWE YOU NOTHING, Bros	CBS
17	20	FIESTA, Pogues	Pogue Mahone
18	22	HEAT IT UP, Wee Papa Girl Rappers	Jive
19	11	CROSS MY HEART, Eighth Wonder	Epic
20	—	GLAM SLAM, Prince	Paisley Park
21	—	REACH OUT I'LL BE THERE, Four Tops	Motown
22	15	BREAKFAST IN BED, UB40 with Chrissie Hynde	DEP Intern'l
23	24	ALL FIRED UP, Pat Benatar	Chrysalis
24	13	BOYS, Sabrina	Ibiza
25	—	FEEL THE NEED IN ME, Shakin' Stevens	Epic

ALBUMS

1	1	**NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL MUSIC 12, Various**	**EMI/Virgin**
2	2	**TRACY CHAPMAN, Tracy Chapman**	**Elektra**
3	—	**THE HITS ALBUM/TAPE, 8 Various**	**CBS/WEA/BMG**
4	4	**BAD, Michael Jackson**	**Epic**
5	3	**KYLIE, Kylie Minogue**	**PWL**
6	5	IDOL SONGS — 11 OF THE BEST, Billy Idol	Chrysalis
7	—	IT TAKES A NATION OF MILLIONS TO HOLD US BACK, Public Enemy	Def Jam
8	13	SUBSTANCE 1977-1980, Joy Division	Factory
9	7	TANGO IN THE NIGHT, Fleetwood Mac	Warner Bros
10	8	PUSH, Bros	CBS
11	6	THE COLLECTION, Barry White	Mercury
12	11	DIRTY DANCING, Soundtrack	RCA
13	12	TUNNEL OF LOVE, Bruce Springsteen	CBS
14	24	KICK, INXS	Mercury
15	15	POPPED IN SOULED OUT, Wet Wet Wet	Precious Org
16	9	UB40, UB40	DEP Intern'l
17	18	FAITH, George Michael	Epic
18	—	THRILLER, Michael Jackson	Epic
19	25	WHAT YOU SEE IS WHAT YOU GET, Glen Goldsmith	Reproduction
20	14	WIDE AWAKE IN DREAMLAND, Pat Benatar	Chrysalis
21	21	WHITNEY, WHitney Houston	Arista
22	16	HEAVEN ON EARTH, Belinda Carlisle	Virgin
23	20	ROLL WITH IT, Steve Winwood	Virgin
24	23	BRIDGE OF SPIES, T'Pau	Siren
25	17	STRONGER THAN PRIDE, Sade	Epic

Vinyl

Singles

INXS
Never Tear Us Apart
BRIAN WILSON
Love And Mercy
BLACK SORROWS
Hold On To Me
FASTWAY
After Midnite
PUBLIC ENEMY
Don't Believe The Hyoe
POISON
Fallen Angels
JOE COCKER
Two Wrongs
GLASS TIGER
I'm Still Searching
MIKE McLENNAN
The Heartland
NEIL YOUNG & THE BLUENOTES
This Note's For You
10,000 MANIACS
What's The Matter Here
DOMINO
Here I Am (More Than Ever) (7", 12")
JOHN KILZER
Red Blue Jeans
PEBBLES
Mercedes Boy
RACHEL SWEET
Hairspray
HUEY LEWIS & THE NEWS
Perfect World (7", 12")
AMY GRANT
Lead Me On (7", 12")
CHRIS DE BURGH
Love Is My Decision
OLIVIA NEWTON JOHN
The Rumour
PISTANT LOCUST
Father's Suit (EP)
BADARTS
The Girl's Gone Bad
VOICE OF THE BEEHIVE
Don't Call Me Baby (7", 12")
SHARON O'NEILL
We're Only Human

Albums

BRIAN WILSON
Brian Wilson
MOTELS
No Reservation — Best Of
PSYCHEDELIC FURS
All That
ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK
Tour Of Duty Vol 2
PUBLIC ENEMY
It Takes A Nation Of Millions
PATTI AUSTIN
The Real Me
LYNYRD SKYNYRD
Southern By The Grace Of God
MODERN JAZZ QUARTET
For Ellington
HOWARD HEWETT
Forever And Ever
DAVE BROCK
The Agents Of Chaos
BYRDS
Notorious Byrd Brothers
CHUCK BERRY
The Collection
BOD DIDDLEY
The Classics
LOUIS ARMSTRONG
16 Golden Classics
EASY BEATS
Easy As Can Be
PAINTERS & DOCKERS
Kiss My Art
THE LORDS
Method To Our Madness
COSMIC PSYCHOS
Cosmic Psychos
JOHNNY THUNDERS
Copy Cat
SLY & THE FAMILY STONE
Anthology
TOMBSTONES
Preachin', Prayin', Guitar Playin'
HATE CREW
Silent Rage
EXPLOITED
Fool's Gold
SEX PISTOLS
God Save The Sex Pistols
SAM COOKE
You Send Me
RICHARD HELLS/VOIVODS
Destiny
PARANOID VISIONS
Schizophtrenia
ALEXIS KORNER
Hammer And Nails
STEELY DAN
Old Regime

CD

ATOMIC ROOSTER
Home To Roost
UTOPIA
The Collection
JOHN MAYALL
Road Show
NAT KING COLE
Body And Soul
BO DIDDLEY
The Classics
CHRIS REA
Deltics
PATTI AUSTIN
The Real Me
LYNYRD SKYNYRD
Southern By The Grace Of God
MODERN JAZZ QUARTET
For Ellington
CHRIS REA
On The Beach
POISON
Look What The Cat Dragged In
BRIAN WILSON
Brian Wilson
OTIS REDDING
The Otis Redding Story
CHRIS REA
Whatever Happened To Benny Satini?

Video

BABY GIRL SCOTT
(Drama, PG, Filmpac)
THE BALLAD OF CABLE HOGUE
(Western, M, Warner)
BRING ME THE HEAD OF ALFREDO GARCIA
(Western, R, Warner)
CASTAWAY
(Adventure, M, Warner)
CHEYENNE AUTUMN
(Western, PG, Warner)
FRANKIE AND JOHNNIE
(Thriller, M, Virgin)
FULL METAL JACKET
(War drama, R, Warner)
THE HAPPY VALLEY
(Drama, M, Virgin)
KHARTOUM
(Drama, G, Warner)
LADY AVENGER
(Action, R, Filmpac)
LET'S DO IT AGAIN
(Comedy, PG, Warner)
THE LIFE AND TIMES OF JUDGE ROY BEAN
(Western Comedy, M, Warner)
LUCKY LUKE AND THE GRAND DUKE
(Animated, G, Filmpac)
MASCARA
(Thriller, M. Warner)
MUSEUM OF DRAG RACING
(Documentary, PG, Virgin)
POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL
(Drama, M, Filmpac)
SALVATION !
(Satirical drama, R, Virgin)
SCENES FROM THE GOLDMINE
(Romantic drama, M, Filmpac)
SECRETS OF THE BERMUDA TRIANGLE
(Documentary, G, Warner)
SLAVE GIRLS FROM BEYOND INFINITY
(Fantasy adventurey, M, Virgin)
TEEN WOLF TOO
(Comedy, M, Filmpac)
THERE WAS A CROOKED MAN
(Western, M, Warner)
VALENTINO
(Biographical drama, M, Warner)
VICTIMS
(Drama, M, Warner)
WHICH WAY TO THE FRONT
(Comedy, G, Warner)
ROBERT PLANT — MUMBO JUMBO
(WEA Music Video)

BANDWAGON

EDITED: BRYAN PATTERSON

Passac's Sentient Six guitar MIDI controller: "a truly dynamic unit a lot of guitarists have been waiting for"

Guitar synthesisers have had a mixed history. The prototypes of the early '70s were mainly monophonic monsters and many later developments were too expensive and restricting to win favor.

But the fallout from the first wave of guitar synths hasn't been too bad. Several companies have been quietly developing synths and controllers that do work well.

One is the Aussie company Passac, probably best known for its line of acoustic instrument pickups. The Sentient Six guitar MIDI controller is a nifty device that works with any axe that can take a Kahler bridge.

Bandwagon asked guitarist and recording studio boss Keith Ridgway to test the Sentient Six. His report indicates that the homegrown product is an exciting advance at a reasonable price — around $1700.

The product consists of a 19-inch rack-mountable unit with membrane switches and a Kahler MPX-1 bridge with a credit-card sized circuit board. A normal stereo lead runs all audio and MIDI information.

The unit was fitted to Keith's custom-built Strat copy, his favorite working axe.

His first task was to try to get the modified instrument up and working without consulting the manual. This took only five minutes or so and, at the time of publication, the plastic cover around the instruction book was still intact.

"The first thing that strikes you is how user — friendly the unit is," said Keith. "And that user — friendliness is directed at guitarists, unlike some other units that were problably designed by keyboard players. This one is really well designed."

The top casing of the master control rack has sensible function descriptions so that you don't have to scroll through the LED readout looking for the right instructions. So the main functions can be seen at a glance.

One of the major drawbacks of most guitar synths and controllers has been slow or innacurate tracking. The units have simply been too inflexible to capture the nuances of a good guitarist's performance.

So how does the Sentient Six rate in the tracking stakes? Excellent, according to Keith who took the beast through a mixture of patches on a Fairlight II, Akai S900 sampler and SPX90.

The trick, he discovered, was in correctly setting the sensitivity of the strings to suit his playing style. This facility, now included on many keyboards, is a boon to guitarists.

If you are a sloppy player, you can set the sensitivity to a level that won't set off a synth sound when your jumper sleeve brushes against the strings.

And you can set different sensitivity for each string, a useful feature if you are, for example, heavy handed on the bass notes but lighter on the treble strings.

"It takes a little time to set correctly but it's worth it," said Keith. "Once I got used to the system, I had no trouble tracking."

The other big selling point of the Passac is its ability to sense the direction and position of the pick. This means that you can pick the string in one direction and trigger one MIDI channel, and pick in another direction for a different MIDI channel.

So you could pick strings down for a sustained piano chord and pick up to get a trumpet on top, as well as having the normal guitar sound. And you can set up pan information to trigger when you hit a certain area on the string.

The pick direction feature is a mind boggler. Keith used it to create a great pop and slap bass sound, picking down for the softer sounds and up for the plop. He was also able to play open and closed hi-hats on one string.

He was able to set up the tone conrrol on the guitar to bring effects from the SPX90 in and out, and operate pitch bend — both continuous and by semitones — on the wammy bar.

As a reasonably fast player, Keith apreciated the flexibility of the Sentient Six. He described it as "rather pianistic."

"It opens up a whole new area of playing for guitarists because you don't have to pluck the string to trigger a sound. That means you can get into double handed tapping with some stunning effects because you can set up each string to a separate sound if you wish."

The unit can transpose in octaves up to three octaves and you can have independent tuning for each string or 'momentary octave transposition' by hitting a footswitch.

There's even a MIDI Throttle for use with the slow old synths. This slows the speed of MIDI data sent to the synths.

Built-in featrues include a guitar tuner that even tells you the note you're playing, a MIDI delay, a harmoniser for creating beefy sounds and a four-track sequencer with 16k RAM. The sequencer is pretty basic but good for quick creation.

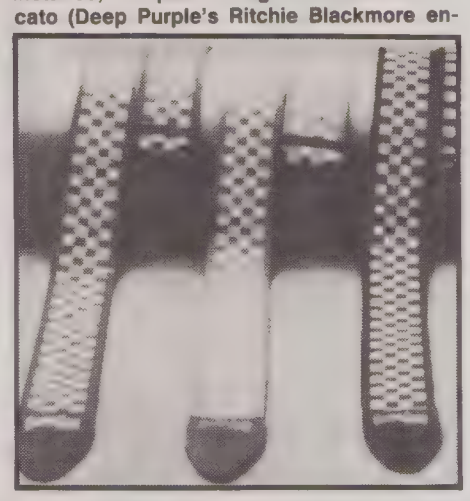
What is remarkable is that Passac managed to fit all that and more into the little unit.

"Passac has really thought this one out," said Keith. "It's truly a dynamic unit that a lot of guitarists have been waiting for".

What's new in guitar straps?

As guitar technology progresses, so too do guitar accessories. There are only so many things you can do with a guitar strap or a set of strings, but manufactureres around the world are constantly coming up with ways of improving the simplest ideas.

You can always update accessories. For instance, European string manufacturers Picato (Deep Purple's Ritchie Blackmore endorses them) did some research with bassists' complaints and came up with the Picato Pro Bass Line said to produce greaters durability and response.



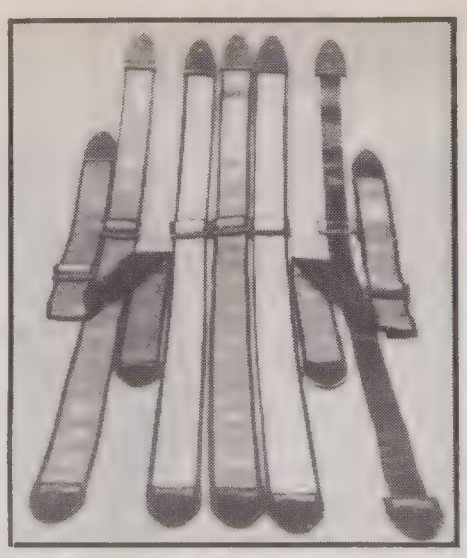
J. D'Addario & Co have re-introduced the XL 850 bass set, this time with a .145 low B string replacing the nickel wound .125 low B string. These days with the purchase of Stinger lead and bass strings, you get a 17-page *How To . . .* booklet on tuning correctly, restringing, cleaning and maintaining.

Pick ups are being updated all the time. Seymour Duncan's latest in the Underground Series Pickup, for instance, is the Full Shred Humbucker where the neck and bridge models are specially calibrated for their positions. Both have four conductor cables for wiring to split the coils electrically: in or out of phase, series or parallel, and with or without the humbucking effect. The Hot Rails model is designed to fit into a Strat's single coil slot and provides the humbucker's noise cancelling effect.

Guitar straps have also been updated.

Silver Eagle's new checkerboard guitar strap is created from a specially woven nylon web fabric and said to be so strong they come with a lifetime guarantee.

They boast a specially contoured slide buckle with super-gripping and non-slipping utility, and no metal parts to scratch your instrument. They are available in combinations of black/white, red/white and blue/white.



The company also unleashed its **"Duke"** satin and nylon strap, each 2" wide and a 1½" wide satin ribbon stitched to the nylon webbing. Other features include a non-scratch, contoured shape, "Sure Grip" nylon buckle and a genuine heavy duty top-grain leather at each attachment end.

"The Duke" series is available in black nylon webbing and black, white, red, blue, green, yellow or purple satin or white nylon webbing with black or white satin.

Dean Markley has added a new line of British saddle leather guitar straps. Designed with both comfort and aesthetic appeal in mind, the straps are fully adjustable and available in a choice of white, black, brown, buckskin, blue, hot pink or yellow. They come in 2½" width or 3" width.

Gibson is a company that has success with its tried and true gadgets. After all, its most popular pickup is the P-90 which was introduced in 1946, so they must be doing something right!

The US company's latest straps are the **Gibson USA** and **Plain Style "Seat Belt."** The new straps feature a cross and box stitch with a reinforced tab, an extra heavy duty D" ring, and buckle equipped with anti-slip teeth.

The two are available in black, red, white, brown, blue, silver, pink or yellow.

And for those of you with strap slippage problems, **Dunlop Manufacturing** has come up with the Straplok System. Conventional guitar straps use a slot cut into the leather end. After attaching and removing the strap as often as the average guitarist does, the leather becomes soft and worn, thus making slippage inevitable.

Dunlop's Straplok System has a four ball bearing inner shaft that allows 360º rotation plus a holding power rated at 800 pounds. They come in chrome finish, black or brass finish.

— MARK CROMELIN

NEXT WEEK:

- Juke/Yamaha Rock '88 awards night
- Robert Palmer
- Hothouse Flowers
- Paul Kelly
- Ya Ya Choral
- Def Leppard

Live ON STAGE

MICHAEL JACKSON STORMS LONDON

"Only when I'm dancing can I feel this free" . . . Madonna said that. But it was MJ who had 72,000 captivated when he played Wembly Stadium recently.

"The crowd are on the pitch! . . . They think it's all over! . . . it is now!" At last the waiting is over, the biggest media event since 'Blackie' the donkey is underway. Louise and Nicola Morris from Alfreton in Derbyshire spent seven hours on the phone in November to get their ticket and now they're here they can't believe it.

What do you like about him? . . . "His music . . . ". What's your favourite song? "All of them." What would you say if you met him? . . . "Hello."

There were no light breakfasts of French toast and pancakes and half hours spent on vocal exercises for today's lucky 72,000. It was straight down the motorway at the crack of dawn to get in the queue. By mid-afternoon family groups are milling around on the giant tarpaulin, slightly unsure of what to do. It's not unlike a day at the sea-side.

Just down the way at Wembley Park Tube station the evil profiteers are out in force; there are rich pickings for the London Transport excess fares inspectors. But what of the touts? A bit of daring investigative journalism seems to be in order . . . Confidently I select an appropriately wicked looking individual. "How much are you prepared to pay?" he snarls, flexing an eyebrow. I reach back into the deepest recesses of my mind for a suitably low figure . . . $40!" I suggest shyly. His eyes light up with gratitude and he tearfully beckons me into a shady corner, waving great handfuls of useless tickets. I have made a terrible mistake and have to run away. "Nobody wants to buy any tickets" groans another grim-faced entrepreneur. The top price is about a fiver. The bubble seems to have burst. This is hardly surprising given than everyone in Britain is already committed to seeing Michael at least twice.

Inside the arena, a pigeon has just joined Kim Wilde on stage. Junior Giscombe flies high overhead between the speakers and sponaneously combusts. The lucky few who have bought sets of binoculars with them have no eyes for Kim; they are picking off the celebrities arriving in the royal box to feast on cardboard beefburgers and sumptuous salads. Terence Trent D'Arby . . . Jack Nicholson- . . . Frank Bruno . . . Viscount Linley.

All eyes on the playing surface are glued to the stands. Little do they know the deep inside the special enclosure, Diana Ross is stuck in a lift, her fox-fur jammed in the door . . .

Outside the stadium, it's all gone very quiet. Disconsolate groups of touts are awash in a sea of Balisto wrappers. ("It's more than chocolate!") Beryl has been shifting free Balistos since half past 12 and she is plum tuckered, but what does she think of Michael Jackson? "I like his dancing." Just by 'C' turnstile a Pepsi taste challenge administrator has run amok, driven insane by lethal Nutrasweet fumes. Shredded programmes, half-eaten headbands, mutilated souvenir sweatshirts; it's not a pretty sight. The setting sun peeks through the mists of commerce.

As if by magic Michael Jackson appears, and all is lost in the smell of the crowd and the roar of the greasepaint. "I can see him! . . . on the stage!" an old woman proclaims triumphantly. I should think so too at these prices. For those of us under twelve feet tall and without x-ray vision, the giant video screens are a bit of a lifesaver as "Do You Wanna Be Starting Something" shudders into life. A medium sized man with a lopsided grin and a face crumbling under the influence of lager sings along *"Sick in the slums of Manchester"* to the chanting bit in the middle. Thousands of young girls perch on shoulders, arms stretched forward, yearning *"I just can't stop loving you."*

The crowd's performance seems lightly more heart-felt than the distant alien's, but perhaps it's just me. Michael bursts into tears. "It's all the emotion," someone rightly observes. The forty-year-old mother-of-two in "Supercilla What Shall I Wear? Heavenly Bodies" jeans jump up and down to get a look. Michael grabs savagely at his crutch and the crowd cheer. Michael pretends to be a rattlesnake and the fans nod and smile. Michael bursts into flames and turns into a werewolf and the customers gasp with pride and admiration. He is their child, and they are his indulgent parents. Even the six-year-olds.

The generosity and kindness of the fans is hard to believe. The professionals on the other hand aren't so easily pleased. Frank the security guard isn't so easily pleased. Frank the security guard isn't all that impressed. Guarding the celebrity toilets isn't much of a laugh and Diana Ross is making a hell of a racket in that lift. he would let her out, but he knows he wouldn't get a word of thanks. Beryl and Dave, husband and wife ground stewards, are huddled behind metal bars several miles away from the stage, reading a gardening magazine. Jean, the Wembley medical doctor, rushes past clutching a stretcher "No, no-one's been at all badly injured, it's been really boring." All the while long lines of happy feet are rising and falling in an eternal conga along the Wembley wall. Nothing can stop them but time.

As slowly as it began, it's all over. Everybody has had the night of their lives. The formation rubbish sweepers are off round the concourse, perfectly synchronised, and a huge human termite mound of satisfied customers scuttles its way home. This morning's tan is this evening's flush. "It was a living hell this morning, but that doesn't matter now. I'd queue again for Saturday if I could be at the front. I still can't believe he performed like that. He's the greatest entertainer in the world. I got a tingling sensation down my back just like I expected," says a voice of the people.

"You've been thrilled, so don't be bad; have a safe journey home," admonishes a giant Pepsi banner strung up above Empire Way. Two strange mishapen lorries with masked drivers are screeching madly up and down trying to avoid the police. They're pulling huge advertising hoardings which say "Coke is it." A good try, but it's too little too late Ladies and gentlemen, I give you Michael Jackson; the biggest selling soft drink in the world.

BT

The unreality of the occasion was heightened by the fact that Valerie Singleton seemed to be everywhere. "Look," cried out Sukhvinder, sitting behind me, as she spotted the blue-anoraked presenter heading in our direction, "it's Val again. I told you I'd seen her."

Valerie herself seemed relaxed if a little bemused as Sukhvinder lunged forward and clasped her hand in an enthusiastic embrace. "Sorry, but should I remember you?" she asked, pleasantly too considering the fact that she'd just been propelled into a intimate examination of my seat-back by the force of this hand-shake. "Oh no," said Sukhvinder airily, "but it's really nice to meet you." "You too," replied Val, recovering her balance. "Enjoy the show."

As Kim Wilde's rumpled, morning-after beauty disappeared from the two giant video screens flanking the stage, tentative Mexican Waves were starting. "Oh my", said William Leith, former rock writer, who was covering the spectacle for the Sunday Telegraph, "that's Desmond Morris. I must introduce myself to him. He might be able to help me on a piece I'm doing on wild dogs."

Thoughts of such career moves were abandoned, however, when the whole stadium roared a welcome to a balcony just above our heads. The arrival of royalty? William and I craned our necks in time to catch a glimpse of a by-now-familiar blue anorak. I clapped too, then sat down in puzzlement at the place the former *Blue Peter* star holds in our nation's affections.

"No, it's not Val they're cheering, it's Frank Bruno," someone else explained in the way one would to a small child. I remained in chastened silence for a few more minutes, before being able to redeem myself by correctly identifying further whoops and roars, not as renewed outbreaks of Val Mania, but collective shows of appreciaton for latecomers Terence Trent D'Arby and Jack Nicholson. Star-spotting became a contagious pastime, although I got a few points for a cloth-capped Russ Abbott, hurrying down the gangway like a man off to place a bet. Valerie Singleton scurried past us again nervously while our attention was diverted by comparisons of the size of William's notebook (A4 format) and my own (three inches by two).

And then it started. Banks of yellow lights blazed from the edge of the stage with an intensity that could have brought a passing plane in to land within the stadium, and there on the screens was Michael, head bowed in benediction, the chiselled features looking more tortured and unreal than ever in giant close-up.

Seeing him come alive with the music, as if suddenly plugged into some mega-watt electric current, reminds me of that line from Madonna's 'Into The Groove' *"Only when I'm dancing can I feel this free . . . "* It's as if this pipecleaner-thin young recluse, subject of more hype and horror stories than anyone else since Fleet Street discovered pop music, finds his only release on stage.

As a dancer he's beyond compare, a mixture of breaker and Mr Bojangles: eery and ironic puppet motions during 'Human Nature', the trademark moon-walking during a magnificent 'Billie Jean' and extravagant crotch-thrusting and choreographed sexuality for 'BAD'.

The showmanship was superb too, from the most elaborate special effects down to between-songs costume changes in a collapsible canvas Tardis that appeared from time to time at the side of the stage.

Strangely though, it's easy to forget that Michael Jackson is by no means the greatest singer in black pop. His voice is as reed-thin as that of his early mentor Diana Ross, but as with her the sheer versatility of his music and the impossibility of separating its sound from the whole showbusiness package in which each song is gift-wrapped ensures that the legend grows and grows.

Watching him run through repertoire that runs from the earliest Jackson 5 hits through to the excellent 'Man In The Mirror, performed as an emotional show-closer that all but brought tears to the eyes and which had the cigarette lighters aloft in an instant, is to be reminded just how much Jackson has contributed to the collective consciousness that is pop.

Perhaps that's why we're condemned to seeing him as a hyper-kinetic dot on a distant stage or a grimacing video close-up on this vast, supposedly first-and-last solo tour. But while experiencing other icons of our age perform in stadiums can be a dislocating experience involving watching other people enjoying themselves more than yourself, the sheer unreality of the Michael Jackson legend stamped an inescapable air of occasion and, I almost hesitate to say it, community on the 72,000 people in Wembley Stadium. I thought he was brilliant, breathtaking. I bet Valerie Singleton thought he was brilliant too, and I'd go and see him again and again if I could.

AJ

• *more reviews on pg 28*

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Gig Guide

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N.S.W.

THE ALLNITERS
10 Jindabyne Hotel, 11 Sydney Uni Technology, 12 Parramatta Leagues Club, 13 Canberra Royals Club
ASYLUM
13 Sutherland Royal Hotel
CHRIS BAILEY
10 North Wollongong Hotel, 12 The Venue
BEATNIX
12 Crystals Nightclub, Coffs Harbour, 13 Wauchope RSL Club
BLAH BLAH BLAH
11 St. James Tavern
BLUES BROTHERS REVIVAL BAND
9 Manly Hotel, 10 Canberra Labour Club, 11 Station Resort, Jindabyne, 12 Merimbula RSL, 14 Settlers Arms, Gosford (early), 14 Fannys, Newcastle (late)
BUCKSHOT
11 Sutherland Royal Hotel
CHADS TREE
12 Harold Park Hotel
CREMATOR
13 Sutherland Royal Hotel
DE JON & THE RESTLESS
13 Shanneys, Hurstville
MAL EASTICK BAND
10 DiDi's, 11 Catherine Fields Rugby League Club, 12 General Bourke Hotel, 13 Banjo's, 14 Lucys Tavern
THE EDDYS
13 Dapto Leagues Club
EUROGLIDERS
10 Coffs Harbour Ex Services Club, 11 Grafton Ex Services Club, 12, 13 Seagulls, Tweed Heads, 14 Ballina RSL
FLYING TIGERS
12 Sutherland Royal Hotel
THE FORTUNE TELLERS
11 Gosford Aquatic Club
KERRIE FRIEND
12 Bankstown Sports Club
GENERATION
9 Sheilas Tavern, 10 Grand Hotel, Bondi, 11 Pennant Hills Inn, 14 Drummoyne Rowers Club
THE GUESTS
14 Leprechaun Hotel, Nowra
THE INKSPOTS
10, 11 Twin Towns Services Club
MICK JONES BAND
12 Shanneys, Hurstville, 13 Stallions, Parramatta
JOHNNY KANNIS
12 Sutherland Royal Hotel
THE MERCENARIES
12 Top Pub, Byron Bay, 13 Tweed Civic Centre
MOTHERLOAD
12 St. Marys Band Club
ROCKMELONS
13 Cronulla Leagues Club
THE RUM BABAS
11 St. James Tavern
SCATTERED ORDER
12 Lansdowne Hotel
THE SHAKERS
12 Engadine Hotel, Engadine
SKOLARS
11 St. James Tavern
SMALL TOYS
10 Castle Tavern, Newcastle, 12 Foster RSL, 13 Newcastle Workers Club
GEORGE SMILOVICI
12 Archies Bondi Junction
SPY V SPY
9 Sydney Cove Tavern, 10 Revesby Roundhouse, 11, 12 Tiffanys, 13 Palais, Newcastle
SUGAR 'N' SPICE
13 Roundabout, Hurstville
TOKYO ROSE
12 Lithgow Workers Club
TORRID ZONE
12 Roundabout, Hurstville
TRILOBITES
9 Sydney Cove Tavern, 10 Revesby Roundhouse, 11 Sweethearts, 12 Tiffanys, 13 The Palais, Newcastle
TRUE STORIES
11 Shanneys, Hurstville, 12 Upstairs Downstairs, Maitland
UPS & DOWNS
10 Caringbah Inn, 11 Revesby Roundhouse
THE VINDALOONIES
10 Revesby Roundhouse, 11 Sweethearts, 12 Tiffanys, 13 The Palais, Newcastle
THE ZIPS
10 Carmens, Miranda, 13 Manly Hotel

Victoria

AAARCH PATOUIS
13 Post Office Hotel, Coburg
AFRODISIA
13 Stockade Hotel, Carlton
GAVIN ANDERSON
12 Eltham Hotel
ASTRO'S
12 Corner Hotel, Richmond
AXE & SAX
12 Enzed Hotel, Sth Melb, 13 Cally Inn Hamilton
BABY JANE
13 Post Office Hotel, Coburg
BAKER BROS
13 Melbourne Underground
GREG BANKX
8, 10 Ferntree Gully Hotel
BEGGARMAN THIEF
12 Corner Hotel, Richmond, 14 Barwon Heads Hotel
BIG BRONZE CAR
9 Corner Hotel, Richmond
BIG PIG
12 The Palace, 13 Village Green, 14 Mentone Hotel
BLUE BAYOU
11 Trminus Hotel, Abbotsford, 13 Punter Club, Fitzroy (arvo)
BLUE RUIN
12 The Man, Falls Creek, 13 Barwon Club Hotel
CINDY BOAST
12 Ferntree Gully Hotel
BONNIE & CLYDE
11 Eltham Hotel, 12 Palace Hotel, Camberwell, 13 Rye Hotel, Rye
THE BOYCUTTER
10 Queens Arms Hotel, St Kilda
THE BRAINDONORS
10 Corner Hotel, Richmond
BRAVE NEW WORLD
12 Mentone Hotel, 12 Westside Hotel
THE BREAKERS
1 Bensons Tavern, Richmond
THE BREAKNECKS
12 The Tote, Collingwood
SCOTT BUCHANAN
8 The Regent Hotel, City, 12 Bush Inn Hotel, 13 The Regent Hotel, City
NELSON CAMILLE
12 Harp of Erin Hotel, Kew
CARMEN SUITE
11 Music Station, 12 Bell St. Rock
CATTLETRUCK
10 Astradome, 12 Mentone Hotel, 13 Caledonian Hotel, Wonthaggi, 14 Star Hotel, Sth Melbournd
GREG CHAMPION
11 Palace Hotel, Camberwell, 12 Dava Hotel, Mt. Martha
CHICK PRIS QUINTET
11 Limerick Arms Hotel, South Melb, 12 Victorian Arts Centre (late)
CHINA BLUE
12 Rock Junction
THE CHOICE
12 Moreland Hotel
CLOWNS SMILING BACKWARDS
11 Queens Arms Hotel, St Kilda
COBBERS
10 Dan O'Connell Hotel, Carlton, 13 St. Michaels Parish Hall, Ashburton
COCKROACHES
10 Wool Exchange Hotel, Geelong, 11 Provincial Hotel, Ballarat, 12 Ferntree Gully Hotel, 13 The Palace
COOL RUNNIN
12 Ormond Hall, Prahran
CRASH THE PARTY
13 Wayside Inn, Port Melbourne
CROWN OF THORNS
11 Middle Park Hotel
PETER CUPPLES
12 21st Century Dance Club, Dandenong
LEO DALTON
13 Grand Hotel, Mornington
DEAD BEATS
11 Limbo Club, Central Club
DEAD LEGENDS
12 Prince of Walds
DEJA VU
12 Grandview Hotel, Brunswick
DE JENIRO BLUE
11, 12 Tok H, Toorak, 13 Sentimental Bloke Hotel
DOUBLE TROUBLE
10, 12 Greensborough Hotel, 11 Club Hotel, East Ringwood, 12 Roxy Hotel, Sth Melb.
11:59
9 Corner Hotel, Richmond, 13 Bayswater Roller City
ENNISBREA
13 Elsternwick Hotel
FEED THE CATS
10 Black Prince Hotel, Nth Melb, 12, 14 Flower Hoel, Port Melb
MARTY FIELDS
8, 10 The Regent Hotel, City, 11, 13 Bush Inn Hotel, 12 Woolpack Hotel (early) 12 Lazar Melbourne (late)
FIVE LOSE TIMMY
10 Corner Hotel, Richmond
FLYING ZUCCINI BROS
12 Town Hall Hotel, Sth Melb, 13 Candy Tavern, Brunswick
FRONTRUNNERS
11 Waltzing Matilda Hotel, Springvale, 13 Harp of Erin Hotel, Kew
GET OFF THE CAT
11 Lincolnshire Arms, Essendon, 12 Central Hotel, Brighton, 13 Kilkenny Inn, City, 14 Bensons, Richmond
LEA GILLARD & BRIAN BAKER
9 Town Hall Hotel, Sth Melb
LEA GILLARDS WILDLIFE
8 Isabella's, 10 Argo Inn, Sth Yarra, 13 Star Hotel, South Melb
GIMIX
14 Royal Hotel, Ferntree Gully
GOOD AND EVIL
10 Queens Arms Hotel, St. Kilda
GO TO WOE
12 Bourke County, Sth Melbourne, 13 Lilydale Country Club
DAVE GRAY
12 The Regent Hotel, City
GRAY WOLF
13 Victoria Hotel, Brunswick
MARCUS GREEN
11 Monash Hotel, Clayton
ROS HANNAFORD TRIO
10 Prince of Wales, St Kilda
COLIN HAY ACCOUSTIC BAND
10 Madigans, Brunswick
COLIN HAY BAND
11 Esplanade Hotel, St Kilda, 12 Star Hotel, Sth Melb, 13 Eastern Railway Hotel, Ballarat
JON HOLLAND
9, 11 The Regent Hotel, City, 10 Ferntree Gully Hotel, 12, 13, Zacs Restaurant, 14 Dava Hotel, Mt. Martha
BRENDA HORIN
10, 11, 12, 13 The Regent Hotel, City
HUXTON CREEPERS
11 Mentone Hotel, 12 Barwon Club Hotel, Geelong, 13 Central Club Hotel, Richmond
THE HYBRID
10 Corner Hotel, Richmond
THE IMPOSSIBLES
12, 13 Council Club, Wangaratta
INCREDIBLE PENGUINS
11 Bensons Tavern, Richmond
INDIAN SUMMER
13 Gina's, Carlton
INTRUDER
12 Bell St. Rock, 13 Post Office Hotel, Coburg
ISOLATION
12 Falcons Nest Nightclub, Nth Melb
MAGGIE JACKSON
12, 13 The Reef Hotel, City
PETER JACKSON
13 Melbourne Underground, City
JANZ
11 The Warehouse, Sth Yarra, 13 Zanies, City
JOHNNIE FAVOURITE
10 Zanies, City
THE JOHNNYS
11 Mentone Hotel, 13 Royal Hotel, Drouin, 14 Sundance Inn Hotel, 14 Roxy Hotel, South Melbourne
JOKERS WILD
11 Argo Inn, Sth Yarra
KICK THE MOON
13 The Palace
LADY IN A JAM
12 Shoppingtown Hotel, Doncaster
LONELY BOYS
10 Intrepid Fox Tavern, South Melb, 11 Tankerville Arms, 12 Bensons, 13 Her Majestys, South Yarra
L.S.D.
12 Telegraph Hotel, Geelong
PETE MARWICK
12 Village Bell Hotel, St Kilda, 13 Eltham Hotel, Eltham
MATAHARI
13 Survival Reggae Club, Sydenham Hotel
HUGH McDONALD
11 Somerville Hotel, Somerville, 12 Venturinis Seafood Restaurant, Sunbury
METROPLAY
11 Flinders Hotel, 12 Baywater Hotel, 13 Theatre Royal, Castlemaine, 14 Gisborne Hotel
MODIFICATIONZ
11 Ferntree Gully Hotel, 13 Coach & Horses Hotel, Ringwood
MUMBO JUMBO
13 Bourke County Hotel, Sth Melbourne
MUNSTER TERRACE
12 Continental Hotel, Sorrento, 13 Red Hill Football Club, 14 Belmont Hotel, Geelong
THE NAZZ
9 Edwards Tavern, Prahran, 11 Dingley International Hotel, 12 Sentimental Bloke Hotel, 13 Francis Hotel, City
NEO CLASSIQUE
10 Grainstore, City, 13 The Mail, City
NEW FRONTIER
12 The Underground, City
ROSS NICHOL
13 Dava Hotel, Mt. Martha
NICK BARKER AND THE REPTILES
12 Mentone Hotel
NITE-XITE
13 Club Hotel, Warragul
THE NUBILES
11 The Palace, 14 21st Century Dance Club
PETER O'BRIEN
13 McMahons Disco
ON THE ROCKS
12 Monash Hotel, Clayton
BRENT PARLANE
11 Evelyn Hotel, Fitzroy
PARTY ANIMALS
13 Memphis Club, Bulleen
THE PERSUADERS
10 Esplanade Hotel, St Kilda, 11 Central Hotel, Brighton, 12 Riverside Hotel, Richmond, 13 Tankerville Arms
PURE INSTINCT
14 Bourke County Hotel, Sth Melb
RAM
12 Riverside Inn, Richmond
R.D.O.
11 Sandbelt Hotel, Moorabbin, 12 Royal Hotel, Benalla, 13 Lavington Sports Club, Albury
RECOMMENDED DOSE
13 Royal Hotel, Ferntree Gully
REDLINE
13 Prince of Wales, St Kilda
REUNION
13 Falcons Nest, North Melb
RICHIE RUDDER'S RAVE REVUE
10 Roxy Hotel, Sth Melb
RICK O'SHEA & HIS CRUMMY COWBOYS
10 Footscray Institute (lunch), 12 Terminus Hotel, Abbotsford, 13 Esplanade Hotel, St Kilda

BIG PIG are playing at various gigs in and around Melbourne during August

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Gig Guide

GLENN ROBBINS
12 Athaeneum Hall, Doncaster
ROCK STEADY
11 Flite Deck, Essendon Airport, 12 her Majestys Hotel, Sth Yarra, 13 Dingley International Hotel, Dingley
THE RODZ
12 Dava Hotel, Mt. Martha, 13 Roxy Hotel, Sth Melb
THE ROMEOS
11 Limbo Club, Central Club
ROOF CATS
12 Evelyn Hotel, Fitzroy
ROUTE 66
8 Intrepid Fox, 10 Loaded Dog, Fitzroy, 11 Harp of Erin, Kew
SANGUMA
8 Stockade Hotel, Carlton
SCARY BILL
11 Great Britain Hotel
SCAT
13 Bensons Tavern, Richmond
ELIZABETH SCOTT & JOHN LINDSAY
8 Loaded Dog Brewery
SCREAMING AT PIDGEONS
12 The Tote, Collingwood
SENSATIONAL ROCKET 88'S
10 Locarno Hotel, 11 Loaded Dog Hotel, 12 Westside Hotel
SEPARATE TABLES
13 Westside Hotel
THE SINATRA BROTHERS
10 Queens Arms Hotel, St Kilda
SLAVES OF COOL
13 Evelyn Hotel, Fitzroy
GEORGE SMILOVICI
13 Village Green Hotel (early), 14 Zanikes Nitespot, 14 The Underground (late)
BROERICK SMITH BAND,
12 Central Club, Richmond, 13 Barwon Heads Hotel, Barwon Heads
SNAKES & LADDERS
11 Grand Hotel, Mornington
THE STATE
11 Provincial Hotel, Ballarat, 12 Ferntree Gully Hotel, 13 Corner Hotel, Richmond
THE STEALERS
10 Memphis Club, Bulleen, 11 Kilkenny Inn, City, 12 Spyhold, Nth Fitzfoy, 13 Sir Henry Barkly Hotel, Heidelberg, 14 Brewsters, Essendon
SUPERFRIENDS
11 Post Office Hotel, Coburg
SURVIVAL
11 Edwards Tavern, 12 Richmond Club
TEACHERS PETS
10 Central Hotel, Brighton, 12 Hot Gossip, Tottenham, 13 Post Office Hotel, Coburg
TEMPLE OF BOOM
11 Prince of Wales, St Kilda, 13 Intrepid Fox Tavern, Sth Melbourne
THRESHOLD
12 Harp of Erin Hotel, Kew, 13 Somerville Hotel, Somerville
TIBET
11 The Met, Nth Melbourne
TIDAL LIGHT
11 Probes, Moonee Ponds, 13 Ashleys, Footscray (early)
TROUBLE IN MIND
12 The Palace
TURBO LUV NUNS
12 Intrepid Fox Tavern, 13 Arlberg Mt. Buller
TWILIGHT ZONE
12 Grant Hotel, Mornington
TWIST OF FEET
11 Post Office Hotel, Coburg
TWO TIMERS
14 The Regent Hotel, City
URBAN PRINCIPLE
11 Riverside Inn, Richmond
VACATION IN HARLEM
12 Esplanade Hotel, St Kilda, 13 East Brunswick Club Hotel
STEVE VAN
12 Railway Hotel, Windsor
VANILLA CHAINSAWS
11 Mentone Hotel, 12 Barwon Club Hotel, Geelong, 13 Central Club Hotel, Richmond
VENETIANS
12 The Palace, 13 Corner Hotel, Richmond, 14 Mentone Hotel
VICE VERSA
12 Coach & Horses Hotel, Ringwood
VILLAGE PEOPLE
11 The Palace, 14 21st Century Dance Club
WALL ST. CRASHES
12 The Tote, Collingwood
WEDDINGS, PARTIES, ANYTHING
10 Velvets Nightclub, Bendigo, 11 Geelong Hotel, 12 Old Greek Theatre, Richmond, 13 Forresters Arms, 14 Sundance Inn Hotel
ANDY WILLIAMS
14 Tigers Head Tavern, North Melbourne
BRIAN WOOD
9 The Regent Hotel, City
WORLDS AWAY
14 Spy Hotel
YOGI GOES BEAR
13 Melbourne Underground

Queensland

ANGRY PENGUINS
14 The Patch
THE ECHOES
11 Roxy, Brisbane, 12 Jungle Attic, Ipswich, 12 Sunnybank Hotel, Sunnybank, 13 Krystals Nightclub, Bundaberg, 14 Powerhouse, Mooloolaba
PAUL KELLY & THE COLOURED GIRLS
12 Roxy, 13 The Patch, 14 Lake Hotel, Toowoomba
LIME SPIDERS
12 The Patch
THE OUTLAWS
11 Club Hotel, Namboor, 12 Gympie Civic Centre, 13 Stafford Hotel, Brisbane, 14 Maloolooba Hotel
RUSTY & THE AYRES ROCKETTES
11 The Patch

West. Aust.

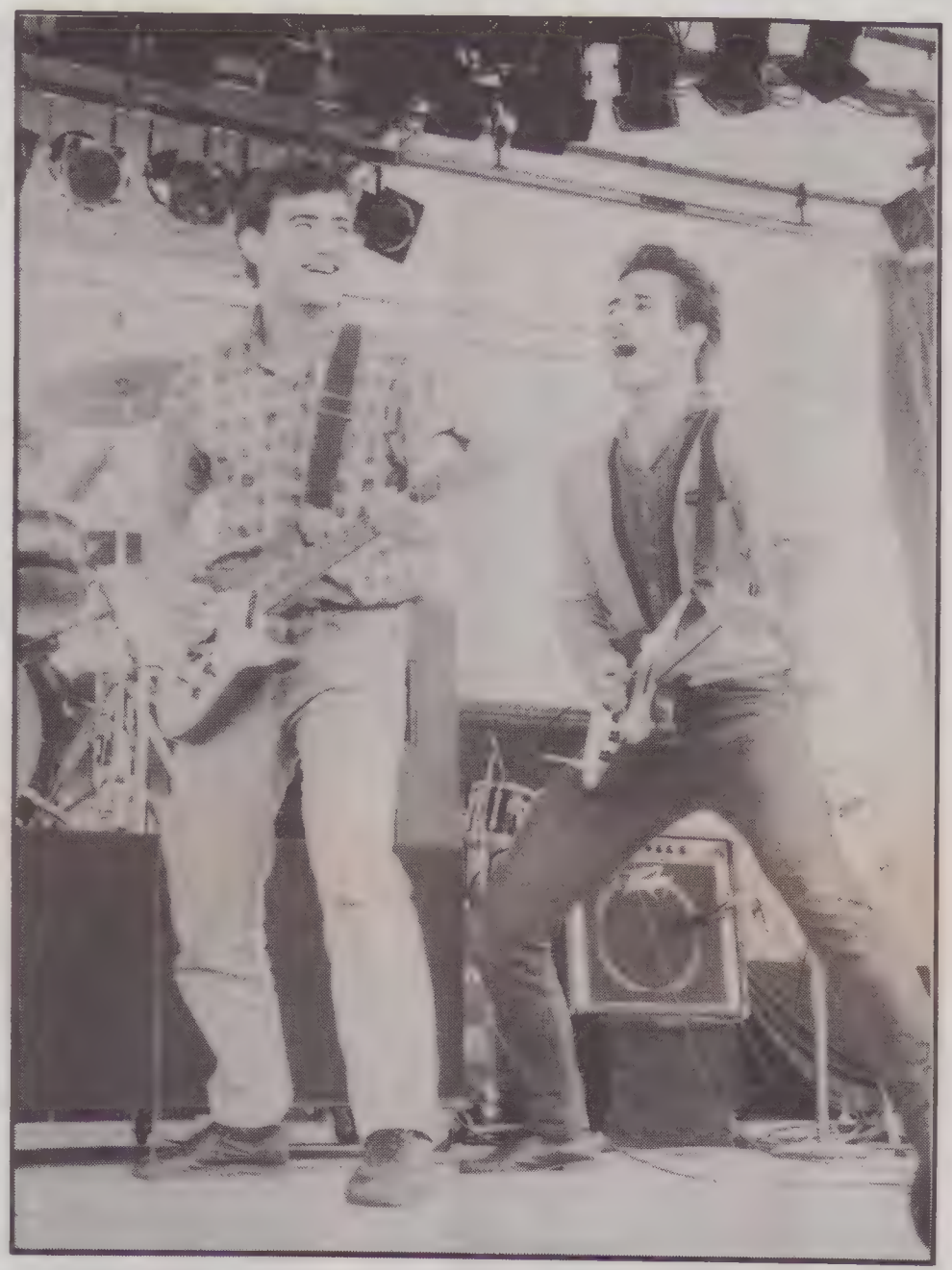
JAMES REYNE
10 Kalgoorlie Boulder Race Track, 12 Bunbury Sports & Recreation Centre, 13 Geraldton Basketball Stadium, 14 Raffles Hotel

South. Aust.

BIG PIG
9, 10 Tivoli Hotel
CROWDED HOUSE
10, 11 Thebarton Theatre
THE FOOLS
10 Ko Klub Live
METROPOLISTS
11 Governor Hindmarsh
MOTHER THERESE & THE BROTHERS OF SOUL
9 Ko Klub Live
SMOKIN WITH JOE
11 Ko Klub Live
TOO MANY CATS
14 General Havelock
VIRGIN SOLDIERS
13 Norwood Town Hall

Tasmania

DON'T COME MONDAY
12 Nightmoves, Launceston
THE GIANT HAMSTERS
13 Nightmoves, Launceston
TIM SHAW
12 Nightmoves, Launceston



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August 19, 20, 21: Gold Coast
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VILLAGE PEOPLE
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August 10: Hot Gossip Dance Club, Vic
August 11: The Palace, Vic
August 12: Lady Bay Hotel, Warrnambool, Vic
August 13: Goulburn Valley Hotel, Shepparton, Vic
August 14: 21st Century Dance Club, Vic
August 16, 17: Alexanders Restaurant, Vic

MICK JAGGER
September 22: Entertainment Centre, Brisbane
September 26, 27: Entertainment Centre, Sydney
October 6: National Tennis Centre, Melbourne
October 10: Burswood Superdome, Perth

JOE COCKER
September 14: Melbourne Entertainment Centre
September 20: Sydney Entertainment Centre
September 24: Velodrome, Launceston
September 27: Apollo Entertainment Centre, Adelaide
September 30: Perth Entertainment Centre

Live ON STAGE

THE JOHNNYS

Venue: Corner Hotel, Melbourne

There's something slightly evil about The Johnnys. They smile and play happy tunes on their guitars (gee-tars) but they give the impression they could turn nasty at any moment. They bear more than a passing resemblance to Tommy Lee Jones in *The Executioner's Song*, walking a thin line between good and bad.

As some of the characters in their songs suggest, they'd be the types to cradle you in their arms, and then cut your throat the second you close your eyes.

Happily any aggression they may project is channelled into their music: twanging country guitars laced with a rasping but clear vocals. As we wait for the much delayed *Two Fat Ladies*, the Corner Hotel crowd were more than happy to stamp their feet and slap their thighs to a mixture of old (''Buzzsaw Baby'', ''Elvisly Yours'', ''Way Of The West'', etc) and the new.

The arrival of Michael Armiger has certainly put a spark in the playing: Armiger's got a greater pop sensibility than the others, which gives a lot more scope for the band's crossover possibilities displayed so far. The Johnnys' sound familiar but never derivative; they pay their respects to their country roots, Sun Records and white trash blues but with a simplicity and naivety that has the crowd jumping and frugging.

It's difficult to appraise their newer material like ''World's Got Everything'', ''I Read The Note'' and ''Hard Luck'' but there seems to be a greater confidence in the writing. Let's hope the ''Motorbikin' '' track, already going down a storm this night, cracks radio's barrier. At a time when The Johnnys' absence from the scene has shuttled them into the sidelines where the pop audience is concerned, they've returned with a reviatalised lineup that has recaptured their original zest and simplicity.

— PHIL SEGRARINI

KATE CEBERANO

Kate C. (pic by Matthew Deller)

Venue: Perth Concert Hall

Kate Ceberano doesn't have appreciably more to say than her '70s or early '80s counterparts but she says it with all the modern flair that modern designer consciousness has to offer. No matter how sceptical you were when you arrived, you left mightily impressed.

Ceberano's high media profile over the last few years not to mention the adventures of synth-funk and jazz standards, have given her an astonishingly wide audience, from the hipsters to the yuppies to the modern jazzters.

It takes a very confident performer who can take the sort of jazz standards best suited to smokey clubs, to a huge place like the Concert Hall.

With a wink, she tried to offset the problem by turning the stage into a more intimate atmosphere, with a candle-lit table and pot plants. But these theatrics were not all that necessary. With a dual sense of suave cool and precocious cheek, she instantly seduced the crowd. It took her a first set to shake it down, but by the second, the crowd was definitely hers. There are times when you think she could be a bit cheekier, but ''Cry Me A River'' and ''I'm Hip'' were great nonetheless.

The grand emotion was plotted to the last detail, of course; the light changes were so well-timed that it didn't seem like an intrusion when she dived to the lowest most intimate note in one ballad and have the crowd whoop-whooping it up. If there was a highlight, it was during ''Beginning To See The Light'' when she reached some very high notes and sent shivers down the crowd's collective spine.

It was a crack band too; the bass was rivetting all evening, and the others' solos pretty much showed a band that had no passengers. I was (say it again) mightily impressed.

— DOUG KESSELRING

The Triffids

Venue: The Club, Melbourne.

Uncanny! The Triffids spend the evening changing musical channels like hyper-active TV addicts trying to watch five programmes at once. They refuse to ease gently from one sound-scape to the next and my senses are jerked to and fro until I feel exhausted. Aching romance. Switch. Vehement confusion. Switch. Flippant fun. Switch. Switch.

Eerie! Upon a table centre stage sits a crudely hewn wooden crucifix, candlelit. It's presence is deeply symbolic. Or maybe it's just a wank.

Spiritual! I am surrounded by reverent, po-faced, almost frightened faces. Dignified applause pitter patters between each extract from ''The Book Of Triff''. Excepting a few brave bods who are shaking their butts, the crowd is almost catatonic. Funny how awed can look like bored.

Unique! ''Spinning Top'', a toxic gob of dislocating riotous rancour is something you'd expect to loop out of the corrosive psyche of Mark E. Smith, not dandy David McComb. Stunning. When Jill Birt sings ''Raining Pleasure'' she pulls faces you only see in pre-teen eisteddford contestants, or Playschool compares. Bizarre. ''Wide Open Road'' is the best song about Big Australia since ''The Pub With No Beer'' and it's all due to ''Evil'' Graham Lee. Five foot one inch of country! It's his pedal steel which gives Triffids music it's cartographic vision, not the slides on the backdrop, and oh how I love it when he sings those sad sad songs.

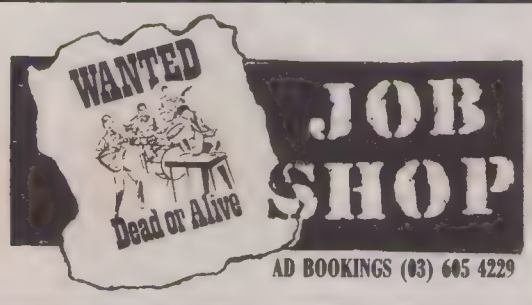
Stupid! ''Into The Groove'' shouldn't be dallied with by gawky pop academics with sand and sea water in their veins. It is a great song for an American-Italian disco superstar, and frenzoid din-crazy sonic youths. Leave it out Dave.

Cliched! Oh no, Velvets covers! Of course my nonchalant cynicism dissolves into amazement as the band rifle out ''What Goes On'' and, as an encore, ''Sweet Jane'' with an accuracy there is no escape from.

Suspect! ''Bury Me Deep In Love'' and ''Trick Of The Light'' did an indecisive toe in new age bigness, but the 'jerry built' wall of sound removes more than it adds. The two songs are aural equivalents of movies that have been ''colorized'', to bribe an insensitive world.

Epilogue! For any person who lives in Australia and is not Aboriginal, this is a foreign place. We are mostly displaced Europeans particularly inept at coming to terms with the vastness that lies inland from our cities. The Triffids capture that dilema without specifically addressing it. The sound of Australia is just there in the music and we shouldn't underestimate the importance of that.

— MICHAEL WITHEFORD



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THE Last worD

Gurus: "one of the best!"

I've just returned home from one of the best gigs I've ever attended. The venue was the Brisbane Expo — the group Hoodoo Gurus. It was their very last show with Clyde Bramley, and the band sure put in one hell of a show to say goodbye to him.

There must have been about 20,000 dudes there, screaming and singing along with the Gurus. It must have been a very emotional moment for Clyde, it certainly was for me.

Could you do us Gurus freaks a favour and print a picture of Dave Faukner with his hair cut short. He told us at the show he was going to get it cut, and although I didn't see it, I believe he cut it in public on a TV show.

Also news of when they'll record their next album and who their new member is would be much appreciated. **S.L.T.**

Brisbane, Qld

• Use your imagination with the pic!

Bali-belly

Your story on getting busted on Bali was great reading. I go to Bali every year myself, and I'm well aware of the dangers of being in the wrong place at the wrong time.

Despite their public image, the Indonesians don't really like us Australians. I get the impression they'll f..k us around just to show who's boss in their yard.

They don't mind taking our tourist dollars but will spit in our faces at the slightest provocation.

Ms Winslow might be being just a bit cruel when she says that all Aussie tourists who go to Bali are drunken yobs. There are some, sure, but the people I go with go there to catch some curls, have a good time, and make friends I can go back to every year. **Tom**

Chatswood, NSW

When will we Australians accept that we're not better than anybody else? If you're dumb enough to go to another country and break its laws, then you deserve to be punished by that law.

These warnings are made to every tourist that goes abroad, and yet, year after year, there is some schmuck who falls for it. Right after there's the inevitable outcry, where the victim's family tries to convince the rest of the Australian population that these people were absolute saints who fell foul of the law through no fault of their own.

Your story on getting arrested for drugs in Bali was both arrogant and dangerous. If you're going to completely deglamorise drugs, then you need to point out what scum dealers and their couriers are. I've been reading *Juke* for a long time and enjoy it most of the time, but sometimes your bleeding heart anything-for-the-underdog attitude really pisses me off.

Joanne Corder

Camberwell, Vic

Top points for "Busted In Bali". A cousin went through the nightmare, and says it was worse than we in Australia could ever image.

But after reading the story, I now know the meaning behind the song "Bali High!"

T. Lawrence

Moonah, Tas

Behind closed bores

I've got nothing against groups like Run DMC, Public Image and S-Express, in fact I quite enjoy their videos when they come on the TV. After all, the music business thrives on variation and new ideas.

My only criticism is that these groups seem to attract a following of narrow-minded boring self opinionated little people, who spend so much time criticising everybody else that they can't have had time to listen to *any* music!

For the life of me, I can't see why they regard themselves as superior beings for liking only the avant garde sounds.

If they are correct, then followers of Iron Maiden and Motley Crue, including myself, ought to have the intelligence of the maggot my goldfish just ate.

Mike, The Brain Surgeon

Hurstville, NSW

Day by day?

This is probably a very bizarre question, but I hope that you won't think it's a joke and throw my letter into the dustbin.

But how many hits with the names of days in them, have made it to No 1 in Australia?

It's a topic which started out as an aimless argument waiting for the surf to rise, and become an obsession on my part.

If you could tell me, please do.

Incidentally, I read *Juke* every week. It's the only one worth buying where fair and intelligent musical criticism is concerned. The others eat your dust! **Wax-Head**

Toowong, Qld

• Ed Nimmervoll, our resident Chartologist is writing separately to you, but among No 1 hits, you might like to include 'Boomtown Rats' "I Don't Like Mondays" 'Small Faces' "Lazy Sunday" 'The Rolling Stones' "Ruby Tuesday" and 'The Easybeats' "Friday On My Mind". You should have got Ed's letter with a complete run-down of every single that's reached No 1 in this country by the time you read this — (The Other) Ed.

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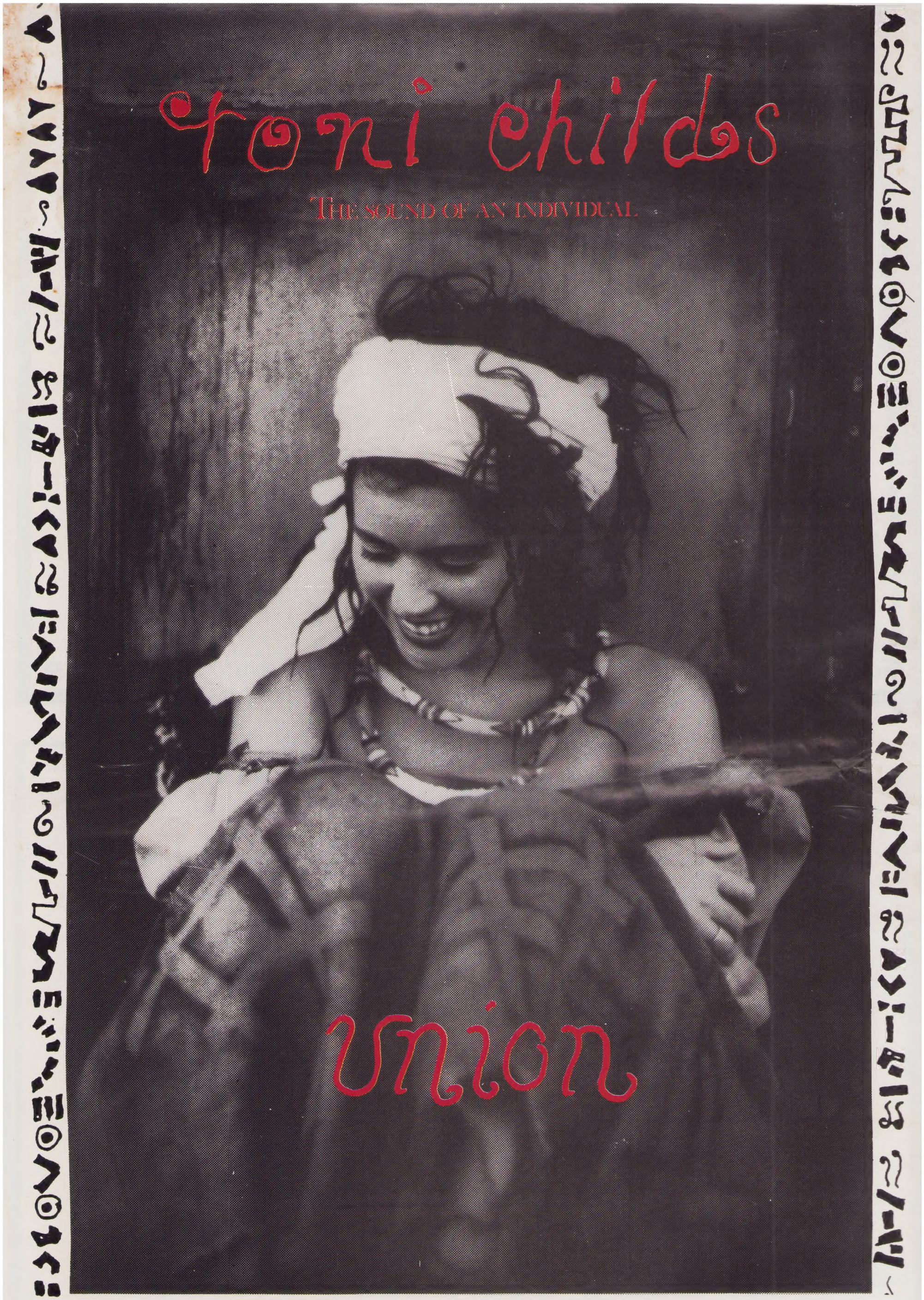

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